LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For MARCH, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—Walking Dress.

A Polish Robe of purple velvet, flowing open in front, rounded gradually from the bottom towards the lappels, which are continued across the shoulder, and finished in regular points on the back. A *chemisette* of the same, with high full collar; the whole trimmed entirely round with the red fox, mole, leopard spot, or grey squirrel. A rich cord and tassel fastened in the centre of the back, which occasionally confines the robe. The back and skirt cut in one; and the sleeve nearly to fit the arm. Polish cap of the same material, trimmed round the edge, and across the crown, with correspondent skin; a cord and tassels suspended in irregular lengths from the right side of the crown. York tan gloves; and primrose, or purple shoes.

No. 2.—An Evening Dress.

A round train dress of soft white satin, buttoned simply down the left side; the back very low, and quite plain. High, and double puffed sleeves, with wrap front. Military sash of cobweb muslin, embroidered in gold spots, commencing from the back of the right shoulder, crossing the waist behind, and passing under the right side of the bosom, gathered into a pearl brooch at the opposite corner, and flowing within a quarter of a yard to the bottom of the dress, where it is finished with a rich gold tassel. Hair turned up in the Grecian style; plain bands brought to a point on the forehead, irregularly curled at the ears and on the crown of the head, where it is confined with a coronet, or diadem of pearl. Pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets; gold armlet. White kid gloves. Shoes of white satin, embroidered with gold. Fan of white crape, with gold spangled border.

No. 3.—A Ball Dress,

Of plain crape, over a white satin slip, made a dancing length; plain back and sleeve, with quartered front, trimmed round the bottom, on the waist and sleeves, with a white velvet ribband thickly spangled with gold. A white satin sash, tied in long bows and ends on the right side, terminated with splendid gold tassels. High gathered tucker of Brussels lace. Hair in dishevelled curls, confined with a white velvet band similar with the trimming of the dress; bow of the same blended with the hair, and placed over the left eye. India shawl, a deep amber colour, with a rich and variagated fringe and border, negligently drawn through each arm, so as to form a flowing drapery on the right side of the figure. Necklace composed of bright topaz, set transparent, fastened with a diamond stud in the centre. Topaz earrings of the fashionable shell form; gold elastic bracelets. French kid gloves. White satin shoes, with gold rosets. Fan of amber crape, with devices in purple and gold.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 4.—Parisian Winter Dress.

A promenade coat of soft Circassian cloth, a pale olive colour, buttoned down the front, and formed high in the back, with open round lappels at the bosom, double roll trimming round the arm-hole and wrist; full lace tucker, and double *demi* ruff *à la Queen Elizabeth*, plaited in vandyke. Sash of pale salmon colour, or pink sarsnet, tied in small bows, and long ends on the right side. Equestrian hat, composed with similar materials with the coat, projecting leaves in front of the same. Hair close cropt behind, divided on the forehead, and curled on the sides. Shawl of pale salmon colour, with blue and crimson border, carelessly thrown over the left arm. Necklace, two rows of fine pearl; earrings of gold; and fan of white tiffany, embroidered in blue and gold. Straw-coloured gloves and shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
MOST PREVAILING FASHIONS.
CAREFULLY SELECTED.

IN those antediluvian days, when fashion checked the reins of variety, and prescribed to taste and fancy their regular limits, when in an assembly of elegant females one universal standard prevailed, and diversity of colour was the only distinguishing mark of individual selection, the pencil of the artist, and the pen of the delineator were confined within narrow bounds; but in this enlightened age, when fancy is permitted to range at large, and fashion is confederate with taste and variety, the lesson is more complicated, the labour more diffuse. We are puzzled with the diversity, we are dazzled with the brilliancy of the objects we attempt to pourtray, and it requires a perspicuity of discernment, and an intense observation, to select with judgment, and combine with effect; for scarcely has our admiration payed due homage to the well-chosen costume of one tasteful female, before our attention is as forcibly excited by another; and we readily acknowledge that the fanciful inventions of our English *belles* was never more conspicuously displayed.

We presume not to say how far our delineations have contributed to that taste in personal decoration which so eminently distinguishes the present race of British fair; but we can assure them of the continuation of our efforts to afford such information as shall secure to them that necessary auxiliary to beauty—a good taste.

Independent of the *Polish robe* given in No. 1. of our Prints of Fashion, we are enabled to give a description of a species of Pelice equally new. This most graceful habit is styled the Hibernian vest, and is formed of velvet, the colour pigeon's breast; it is formed as a flowing robe in front, so as occasionally to wrap round the figure; the back is cut round in form of a high gown, without cape or collar, and is trimmed entirely round with a full waving skin of grey squirrel. The vest is formed by a width of velvet fastened down on the inside of the waist, brought across the bosom, and gathered into a brooch on the left shoulder; it is hemmed on the edge next the throat, with the same skin. The back is formed very broad, and is drawn loosely at the bottom with a band, which is brought through the lining and confined in the centre of the waist with large topaz clasps, leaving the sides flowing open. The Hibernian hat worn with this pelice, is of the Spanish form, perfectly flat in the rim, and trimmed round the edge, on the inside, with a skin the same as the pelice; it is turned up directly in front, and over the edge waves two short brush feathers of the same colour The chastity and elegance of this habiliment stands almost unrivalled

The Cottage cloak, of scarlet kerseymere, is another very attractive covering; it is made with a hood, or cape, and ties immediately on one side of the throat, leaving the shoulder occasionally exposed. The front end of the cloak is pointed, the other rounded; and the whole is terminated with a Turkish ribband, or fur, happily contrasted as to colour. With this cloak is worn a Jockey cap, or Cottage bonnet, composed of the same material. Some females of fashionable celebrity have sported lately silk stockings the colour of the pelice, with open-wove ankles. The mild and spring-like season, has partially introduced the spenser; we have witnessed several in carriages, and in the Park, of dove-velvet, and twill sarsnet, formed with a deep lappel, which is lined with pink, and trimmed at the edge with skin.

The Cardinal coat seems chiefly to be laid aside, but the Opera coat is still as prevalent as ever; we witnessed one of a bright, but pale, morone velvet, trimmed all round with a deep and most elegant gossamer fur. Opera tippets *à la pelerine*, of white satin, or velvet; the latter trimmed with swansdown, the former vandyked with coloured velvet, with full puckered collars, are very distinguishing, and particularly well adapted for slender figures. We never recollect the full dress costume to be more graceful or consistent, except that the long sleeve is too generally adopted, which cannot properly belong to this style of costume. The *veste, à la Catalani*, as given in our last Number, is much introduced amongst fashionable circles; it is usually composed of gold or silver chambrey, and sometimes of coloured Italian crape, embroidered in a neat border of silver; and is worn over a white satin or sarsnet under dress.

We have lately been favoured with the sight of a most elegant round robe, formed of a delicate white Italian crape, embroidered all over in small silver stars. This dress was made with a train, and worn over a white satin slip; the bosom sharply rounded at the corners, with a fall of Mechlin lace round, and a drawn tucker above it; the sleeve a plain wrap, trimmed at the edge with silver *à la corkscrew*. From the left shoulder flowed the Peruvian scarf, of a deep salmon colour, with Indian border. The round apron of lace, or patent net, in white, or morone, with light border in silver, gold, or coloured foil, is considered as very elegant; it is generally worn with a round dress of white satin, or sarsnet, and is confined tight round the figure, the fullness being thrown quite behind, where it is tied with bows of white satin ribband, or tassels to

correspond with the border; it usually reaches within a quarter of a yard the bottom of the dress, and is invariably trimmed with a lace at the bottom, put on easily full.

The sleeves of this dress are of the same materials as the apron. Some of our *elegantes* only shade the bosom by a simple drawn tucker of lace. The front of dresses are rather lowered of late, in compliment, we presume, to the back and shoulders, which still continue their public exhibition, braving both moral and physical declamation. The short sleeve, worn in full puckers on the shoulder, confined at the bottom with a broad armlet corresponding with the other ornaments, is considered as elegant in full dress; while some, on the contrary, wear the short sleeve nearly plain, trimmed at the edge similar with the dress, and crossed to a point in the centre of the arm. The simple frock sleeve, with a cuff of lace, is much esteemed, with dresses of coloured Italian crape.

We think the waist a little increased in length of late; and the square and round bosom, plaited or gored with lace, have an equal portion of celebrity.

The decorations for the head were never more tasteful and elegant, than at this season. The tiaras of gold, silver, steel, or bugles, are most graceful and becoming ornaments. The small half handkerchief, in black, white, or morone net, embroidered in cotton, gold, or silver, is now so much in vogue, that scarce a fashionable woman appears in public without them. They are often placed at the back of the diadem, falling in irregular points on the back of the neck; others wear them with the point in front, *à la Mary Queen of Scots*. Some intermix them with the knot of hair behind, or on the crown of the head, and bring the ends under the chin. When worn in this last mentioned style, there is generally an ornament in front of the hair. These chiefly consist of flowers, or fruit, in silver or gold; we have seen a small cluster of the hop-flower in silver, or bunches of currants, have a most animated and striking appearance. But of all these ornaments, that which has most excited our admiration, was a bunch of snow-drops, frosted with silver, placed very low on the forehead, nearly over the left eye. Although the *bouquet* makes but a very partial display, yet, at the Opera, we observed some few sprigs of lilies of the valley, American heath, and Labradore rose Brooches are now formed in imitation of small natural flowers. Some of the damask rose, with gold leaves; others of hearts-ease, sweet-pea, &c. &c.

The Egyptian amulet, in crosses or brooches, are also considered as a useful and interesting ornament; and the broad gold hoop-ring, with Egyptian or old English characters engraved as a motto, are a trinket or ornament entirely new in the fashionable world. Shoes and gloves continue much as our last communication, except that white kid are now painted at the toes and on the quarters, to represent a sort of coloured marble. The prevailing colours are dove, pink, pale morone, shaded purples, and jonquille.—Fawn-colour, though still much worn by the multitude, is not now considered as genteel.

LETTER ON DRESS.

ILLUSTRATIVE EPISTLE FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

Oh! Julia, Julia! did not Truro contain objects very dear to me, I should not care to visit it again these dozen years! But this dear bewitching London, now more enchanting than ever! oh! I could wish to live and die in it. I do not in the least wonder now, that Squire G 's Lady used to reside here eight months in the year, rather than imprison herself in that gloomy seat within a mile of our town. How odious must she have found the croaking of her rookery, after the enchanting, soul-moving harmony of the Opera; And how offensive must have been the starched and stubborn antiquity of the two maiden sisters, R. and S. stuck opposite to her in our country church, when contrasted in her mind with the graceful images of London fashionables that flocked there. I cannot acquiesce, my dear friend, in your highly-coloured panegyric on a country life; being rather inclined, at this moment, to echo the song of our old Steward,—

" But if that in shades I am destined to dwell,
" Oh! give me the sweet shady-side of Pall-Mall."

Cousin Mary laughed heartily at your humourous description of Truro envy, on your brilliant exhibition at the quarterly assembly. And so you really danced *Sir John Stuart's Strathspey* with the new Member, and procured yourself an host of provincial rivals. I recommend to these dear friends a composing draught, or the fresh provocative I am about to subjoin, may increase their disorder beyond a cure.

You must needs smile, my dear Julia, at the sudden contrast between my observations of yesterday and to-day. I wrote to you then of the mild and spring-like season, and gave you the description of a new spenser, which appeared in the Park on the Sunday; which was, if you recollect, quite as fine as a bright May-day.—Scarce had my packet been closed in the mail, when the whole face of nature was changed, and a Southern spring converted into a Northern winter. The spenser, in consequence, is con-

signed to the wardrobe, and the Russian costume again resumes its sway. In my catalogue of yesterday, I described all that was most new and elegant in this style of habiliment, as well as what was general in others. My letter, therefore (like the cabinet of great artists) will contain the more curious and choice specimens of my talents, and exhibit a *chef d'œuvre* of fashionable intelligence.

I have lately experienced a great loss, my dear Julia, in my charming cousin. She left us three days since, to officiate as bride's maid to one of her friends. Now as this fair cousin of mine is considered the *mirror of taste*, and *glass of fashion*, I know not how I can better accomplish the purpose of my letter than by describing to you those articles which were exclusively ordered for this occasion. First, then, an Hibernian vest and hat, of velvet, shaded much like the breast of your favourite red pigeon, with ruby clasp and brooch; a ridicule of the same, trimmed with ruby-coloured fringe and tassels; this formed the out-door, or carriage costume. Her morning dresses were composed by her own special direction, and consisted of the cambric tunic, and peasant's gown. The former is made precisely as a child's robe, with long sleeves in open hems, and plaited waist. It is ornamented down the sides of the tunic, round the bottom and bosom, with footing lace, or work, let in plain; and a cambric shirt, embroidered in a triangular form to correspond. With this dress she wears a Parisian night-cap, composed of spotted cobweb muslin, trimmed round the face with a fall of broad lace, which nearly obscures the hair, and is gathered over the left eye in a gold brooch, formed to represent the peacock's fan; and a similar ornament fastens the tunic at the bosom. The peasant's gown is composed of a dove-coloured, or pale olive cambric, made a walking length, with frock back, round bosom, and short sleeves; it is laced in front of the waist, at a wide distance, with pink ribband, and two rows of the same colour is laid flat round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves. A sash of sarsnet ribband, the colour of the dress, tied in long bows and ends on the left side. The hair, with this dress, is simply twisted in a knot on the left side of the head, and worn in dishevelled curls in front, displaying much of the forehead.

Her evening, and full dresses, are as fanciful and various, that it is impossible to give you a full description. Cousin Mary, when considered as a girl of fashion and fortune, is by no means profuse or extravagant; she has a ready invention, and a correct taste, which embellishes her person and spares her purse. She has lately introduced a new style of wearing the shawl, so as to make it form a sort of tunic drapery. I will tell you how this is managed: she has a plain round gown of white satin, made with a short train; the bottom, the bosom, and sleeves, trimmed as fancy shall direct; Mary's is in vandyked silver net. The shawl is of patent lace, a full yard and half square, embroidered in a light border of silver vine leaves; she takes one corner of this shawl and pins it in the centre of the back, then brings the adverse end under the left arm, crosses it over the right shoulder, and fastens it at the corner of the bosom, with a brooch, or diamond pin, allowing the short end to flow negligently to the bottom of the waist, while on the opposite side it forms a tunic, and behind a loose pointed drapery. I should tell you that the three corners which are visible, are finished with a tassel corresponding with the trimming of the shawl.

I send, agreeably to your request, a quantity of dove-coloured Italian crape, which you can have made in a dress according to the following directions:—A round dress very scanty, with short train, a plain square bosom, and twisted frock sleeve, without lining; round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, must be placed a satin ribband in reversed plaiting, the colour of the dress; with a sash of the same, tied in irregular bows and ends behind. You must wear it over a satin or sarsnet slip; but if your very good and discreet mamma should think this too expensive as an under dress, get your calender to glaze (but not stiffen) some fine cambric muslin, which will have an equally good effect. With this dress a white velvet tiara, in silver frost-work and spangles, is a very chaste and suitable ornament for the hair. A white satin pelerine trimmed with fine gossamer fur, white satin shoes, and white kid gloves, completes this attractive costume—in which I wish my dear Julia a decided conquest.

I must not forget to tell you that the small half handkerchief, now so much esteemed, is worn in net of divers colours; Mary has one in violet, with a rich border of silver; mine is in pink, but in morone, in black, in gold, and in white, they are equally fashionable. In disposing these ornaments, dear Julia, it is necessary to consult the cast of your features. The mode *a la Mary Queen of Scots*, does not agree with the *Roxalana nose*, or the *Euphrosyne contour*, and is best adapted to the Roman and Grecian style of countenance. Our old favourite head-dress, the Spanish hat, seems to be reviving; at the Opera I saw a few formed of white frosted satin, with drooping Argus feathers. These feathers are now much introduced, and are often formed in bands for the hair, which has an effect most singular and pleasing. I observed some few heads dressed in the Madona style, but they were

generally relieved by loose irregular curls, flowing over them, or by ringlets falling from the crown of the head, on the left side, below the ear. The hair is now much ornamented, and innumerable articles for this purpose are offered at the shrine of taste and fashion; amidst which the small bunch of silver grapes, and gold hop-flower, placed in front of the hair as a diadem, attracts me the most; I enclose one of each, being determined that you shall reign the Queen of Truro Rents, Balls, and *Belles.* Perhaps I should not be thus good-natured were I, as formerly, your neighbour; but who cares for a rival at a distance?

Pray tell your brother (if one dare speak on the flippant subject of dress to *men*) that he must lay aside his odious *black Brutus*, that scarce any gentleman appears in public without powder; and that he must not wear the frills of his shirt plaited. That he may see Miss Sparks to her chair, pick up her fan if it falls, pay her a few *old school compliments*, and run to her assistance in a case of extremity; for the apathetical negligence, and affected indifference which has distinguished polished men for some few years back, is now on the decline.

I must not conclude my epistle without telling you that the stuff gowns, which a whim of cousin Mary's brought into being, in the early part of the winter, are now to be seen in every street, lane, and avenue. Don't wear your crimson gown (which I used to call the attic counterpane) in any genteel party, they are here considered very *canailish*, and are, in truth, but the refuse of last winter. I think, dear Julia, I have now emptied my budget of intelligence; but just let me whisper you by way of *Gazette Extraordinary*, that it is so much the fashion to look *pale*, that very fine *rouge* may be purchased at half-a-crown per pot; and *first rates* use a sort of lotion, to promote that interesting and sickly shade of the lily, which has of late subdued the rose. Oh what a world of extremes is a world of fashion!

Adieu, *ma belle amie!* need my pen assure you that I am now and ever, your faithful and attached

ELIZA.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE.

WRITTEN IN THE STYLE OF THE SPECTATOR.

The most general fault among women is coquetry; it would make me despise them, if it were possible to despise what one loves. I would then wish my wife, without being divested of that desire of pleasing which embellishes the sex, to have nothing of the coquette.

The desire of appearing well dressed is not precisely coquetry; but I would, however, wish her not to have that insatiable fondness for ornaments so common in our days. How inexpressibly interesting they appear in a simple, yet elegant undress. Fair ladies, when you send me your portraits, paint yourselves thus.

Shall I require that my wife should be pretty? It is now that my hand trembles.—Well, upon reflection, let her be pretty. What I call a pretty woman, is she whose countenance announces a mixture of wit and sensibility; whose air is mild and prepossessing, joined with an animated and playful physiognomy; she who in all her words and actions displays a certain grace which may be felt but cannot be described. I do not wish for a celebrated beauty; it would be too much for me to have all the men my enemies.

She must be neither too tall, nor too short; it gives them an apperance of solemnity, which I do not like. Brown or fair, the bark is of little consequence.

I would not have her a wit, giving a decisive opinion upon every subject; much less would I have her a learned woman. Madame Dacier would have driven me mad; I would as soon marry Sanmaisens, or Cassaubon; neither have I forgotten that in the time of Martial, women committed errors in their writings.

Education, however, is of too much importance to our happiness in life, for me to wish my wife to be deficient in it. I would then require that her mind be cultivated; that she have some knowledge of great events that are passed, and that she be disposed to take some interest in those that pass during her time. I do not require that she should have read Vopiscus or Ducange; but I would not like her to take Fredegonde for a Roman, or Cornelia for a Greek. To marry a woman without education is to link oneself, while living to a corpse:

J'y veux un autre point,
C'est de l'esprit; car les sote maiment point.

By wit, I mean that facility of saying agreeable things which entwine us, by awaking in our minds several ideas or several sensations. For this a chaste taste is necessary.

She must be modest and even rather diffident: I could not support those brazen looks which appear to rival men in confidence.

Let her be modest and chaste, without however resembling those dragons of prudery, who take up arms against what they ought not to know.

I would wish her to have an affectionate heart, and an obliging disposition; without the one, there can be no happiness in the marriage state, and, without the other, it may be compared to assisting at a banquet without being invited.

With respect to age, I wish her to be neither under eighteen, nor above thirty-five. Younger

than this, she would be too inexperienced; older, she would be too knowing. I would not have an old woman, one must tickle her to make her laugh, and I have lost that custom.

With respect to fortune, she must have at least a hundred and fifty pounds a year. It will be thought perhaps, that I require too much; but I cannot help it. I, however, declare that there are some things which might induce me to change a little, and this reflection has determined me to ask for the portrait of all those who have any pretensions to become my beloved consort.

The above letter having run through the world, many answers were made to it; but the only one preserved, is the following:—

SIR,

I am about four feet eight inches high, rather inclined to *embonpoint*; my shoulders are low and broad, my figure tolerably well made and proportioned, at least I am told so; my face is long, my forehead high, my hair not absolutely flowing in silken curls, my eye-brows bushy, my eyes of a light hazel, rather large than small, rather long than round; a lively countenance; my nose rather broad, my mouth wide, my lips rather thick, but rosy; my teeth white, but not quite regular, my complexion pale, with a few red roses which appear now and then. You will probably say this *debut* is not made to please. I allow, Sir, that in this description there is nothing pretty, but I give it as it is. The remainder of the portrait is equally just.

My fortune is limited, having only the hope of one day enjoying about a hundred a year; my education has not been very brilliant, consequently my mind is little cultivated, but I believe it to be just; my disposition is gay, hasty, and frank; my imagination lively, my heart good, my ideas rather singular, but my conduct uniform, giving way to circumstances, and readily conforming my disposition to that of those with whom I live. I possess much sensibility, and I am easily affected; I am a stranger to deception, and only say what I think; I hate no one, few people amuse me, no one tires me; I delight in rendering service, and am always willing, without appearing to hurry myself, and nothing discourages me when my object is to oblige. I have little value for money, and know how to manage it, but never regret spending it. I am neat by choice, without being elegant; fond of order, principally in essential things, for I am sometimes deficient in it in trifles. I am fond of society though I live alone; my employments compensate me for every thing. I shun, when I have it in my power, what is called the great world. My predominant tastes are music, painting, writing, the various works of my sex, the conversation of my friends, and reading when I have no better occupation. I detest gambling both by taste and judgment, without blaming those who derive amusement from it. My tastes do not change, I shall be the same to-morrow as I was yesterday.

Notwithstanding the contrasts which perhaps this picture contains, I please many people, even sensible women. I have also friends, and these friends possess merit, and are universally esteemed. Whether you wish to augment the number, or if you decline,

I am, &c.

HARMONICA FRANKHEART.

BIRTHS.

Her Imperial Majesty, Consort to his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, of a Grand Duchess.

At Atherstone-Hall, Warwickshire, the Right Hon. Lady Grey, of a son.

At Dublin, her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, of a son.

The Countess of Loudon and Moira, of a son and heir, which died the following day.

In Grosvenor-square, the Duchess of Montrose, of a son.—This child, although not the heir apparent to the family estates, becomes enentitled to considerable property, by the bequest of a near relative.

At his house, in Harley-street, the Lady of the Hon. General Sir Arthur Wellesley, of a son and heir.

The Lady of Colonel Beaumont, of Bretton-Hall, near Barnsley, of a son, at his house, in Portman-square.

In Welbeck-street, the Lady of Colonel F. Dillon, of a daughter.

In Dublin, the Hon. Mrs. Clinton, of a daughter.

The Lady of the Earl of Enniskillen, of a son and heir.

At the house of the Rev. Dr. Holland, in Gower-street, the Honourable Mrs. Holland, of a daughter.

At Kentish Town, the Lady of Colonel Symes, M. P. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Sir David Fleming, Bart. of the county of Cumberland, to Miss Fleming, daughter and sole heiress of the late Sir Michael Le Fleming, Bart. of Rydall-Hall, in Westmoreland, and grand-daughter of Thomas Howard, the late Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire.

The Hon. and Rev. Edward Taylor, brother to the Marquis of Headfort, to Miss St. Leger, eldest daughter of Colonel St. Leger, and niece to Viscount Doneraile.

At Barham Court, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Barham, William Henry Hoare, Esq. eldest son of Henry Hoare, Esq. to Miss Noel, eldest daughter of Gerard Noel Noel, Esq. of Exton Park, Rutlandshire, and grand-daughter of Lord Barham. The ceremony was performed in Teston Church, by the Rev. Gerard Noel, the Lady's brother; after the ceremony, the happy pair set out for Mitcham Grove.

At St. James's Church, by special licence, the Right Hon. Lord Bagot, to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Legge, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dartmouth.—The ceremony was performed by the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of Windsor.

The Rev. J. J. Hume, Rector of West Kingston, Wilts, to Miss Lydia Lane, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Lane, Esq. of Grittleton-house, in the same county.

At Wotton-under-Edge, Granville Hastings Wheeler, Esq. to Miss Jane Tattersall.

At Wolterton, in Norfolk, the Hon. and Rev. William Wodehouse, to Miss Hussey, eldest daughter of Thomas Hussey, Esq. of Galtrim, in Ireland.

At Stoke Newington, the Rev. William Parker, M.A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, to Miss Ann Gaskin, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gaskin, Rector of that parish.

At Castle M'Garratt, in the county of Mayo, in Ireland, by special licence, the Hon. Henry Augustus Dillon, to Miss Browne, eldest daughter of D. G. Browne, Esq. of the same place.

Capt. Hale, of the Royal North Gloucester Militia, to Lady Theodosia Bourke, sister of the Earl of Mayo.

At Farnborough, in Warwickshire, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart. to Miss Holbech, eldest daughter of William Holbech, Esq.

At Manchester, James Bellairs, Esq. of Derby, banker, to Miss Peel, eldest daughter of Laurence Peel, Esq. of Ardwick Green, and niece of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M. P.

At South Shields, Mr. James Dempster, grocer, to Miss Mary Bruce, of North Shields, after a courtship of more than 20 years.

DIED.

At her house in Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the Right Hon. Baroness Dufferin and Claneboye, of Down, Ireland.—Her Ladyship died at the age of 80 years, leaving issue five sons and four daughters, all married, and by them 15 grand-children. She was mother of the gallant and brave Capt. Henry Blackwood, the confidential friend of the most illustrious Lord Nelson, especially in the glorious battle of Trafalgar. She is succeeded in her fortune and title by her eldest son, the Hon. Sir James Blackwood, now Lord Dufferin and Claneboye.

General Paoli, at a very advanced age, at his house near the Edgeware Road—famous for the part he took in the affairs of Corsica, in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, and the godfather of Bonaparte.

Near Wooler, in Northumberland, aged 70, Sir Patrick Claud Ewins, Bart. who formerly married Signora Centuci, a Neapolitan lady, by whom he had issue an only son, born at Eagle Hall Somersetshire; this son marrying without his father's consent, the latter formed the resolution, and did dispose of all his estates, and invested the whole produce therof in the public funds, and withdrew into very humble retirement about 40 years since, leaving his son (since deceased) the scanty pittance of 40l. a year, and whom he never afterwards could be prevailed upon to be reconciled to, or see.

At Great Yarmouth, the Lady of Admiral Edgar.

The Lady of Wyndham Knatchbull, Esq. of Russell-place, and sister of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart.

At Oxon, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, in her 101st year, Mrs. Siddall.—She retained all her faculties till the hour of her death.

Miles Southern Branthwayt, Esq. of Taverham, in the county of Norfolk.

At Southborough, near Tunbridge, Lieutenant-Colonel James Howell, aged 61.

In Ireland, aged 75, the Rev. John Lever, only brother of the late Sir Ashton Lever, and father of Darcy Lever, Esq. Adjutant of the Leeds Volunteers.

At his seat at Hampstead-Hall, George Birch, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Stafford.

At her brother's house, in Bloomsbury-square, Miss Smith, sister of Sir Nash Grose, aged 74.

At Brent Bridge, on the Edgeware Road, Mr. George Bell, who prophesied the destruction of London more than 40 years ago, and who made so remarkable an appearance when giving his evidence, during a late Sessions at the Old Bailey.

At Edmonton, the wife of Mr. Brigg, solicitor.—The death of this lady was occasioned by an accident, from which so lamentable a result was not to be apprehended.—A few weeks since, in adjusting a skewer used in trussing a pheasant, she perforated her thumb, and the bird being in a slight degree tainted, an inflammation ensued, which terminated in her death.

At Belfast, Ireland, Mrs. White, of the Belfast Theatre.—A woman of most exemplary conduct and meekness of disposition, which gained and secured her the love and esteem of all who knew her—She was one of the infant pupils of the celebrated Garrick, and her father (a Mr. Simpson, of Aberdeen, in Scotland, where Mr. White has left several near relations, of the most respectable families), was Mr. G.'s assistant and most particular friend.

At Clifton, Lady Hesketh, widow of Sir T. Hesketh, Bart. of Rufford Hall, Lancashire.—This was the lady to whom so many of the letters of the poet Cowper are addressed.

At Chelsea, Samuel Wyatt, Esq. the celebrated architect.

At Chastleton, in the county of Oxford, in the 85th year of her age, Mrs. Ann Hancock.

At Putney, Mrs. Shields, aged 81, the wife of Mr. Robert Shields, of that place.

In Dublin, of a violent fever, William Preston, Esq. Barrister at Law. He was a Gentleman of mild and benevolent manners; an excellent classic scholar; his works, as a poet, are well known and admired for their elegant taste and refined feeling.

At his house, at Laytonstone, in the 75th year of his age, Charles Lincoln, Esq. late Deputy of the Ward of Aldgate, and many years a Member of the Corporation of this city, and Governor of Christ's and St. Thomas's Hospitals.

At Southborough, near Tunbridge, Lieutenant-Colonel James Howell, aged 61.

At Llanbrarach, the hospitable mansion of his ancestors for 840 years, Thomas Thomas, Esq. a Justice of the Peace, and one of the Deputy Lieutenants for the county of Glamorgan.

At her house, in Bath, Mrs. Smith, mother of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

At Bath, Mr. Long, the Gentleman whom Foote introduced in the character of *Mr. Flint*, in his Comedy of *The Maid of Bath*.—He died worth more than 200,000l. the bulk of which he has left to Miss Long, the only daughter of Sir James Tilney Long, just entered her 17th year, and who before this windfall was the richest heiress in the united kingdom.

At his house, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, aged 88, Henry Sutherland, one of the Pages of the Presence to her Majesty.

At his house, at Shepperton, Fletcher Read, Esq. of pugilistic memory.—After spending a convivial evening with his "chosen few," he was found in his bed a lifeless corpse.

At Dresden, aged 74, M. John Christopher Adelung, Counsellor and principal Librarian to the Elector of Saxony—He was one of the most industrious and learned of the German Literati.

At Rippon, in Yorkshire, Mr. Jefferson, Comedian, the friend, cotemporary, and exact prototype of the immortal Garrick.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Numerous enquiries having been made after the author of our valuable article on Singing (Vol. I. No. 8, *and* 10), *we think it necessary to acquaint our Readers, that it is our rule not to give the name of any author who has not signed it himself; but that we can recommend a lady who teaches singing according to the principles laid down in the said article.*

Mr. W——'s paper shall have a place in our next.

Many poetical favours are omitted in consequence of the length of the poem of Palestine.

Letters on Botany in our next.

London: Printed by and for J. Bell, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,
For MARCH, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Fifteenth Number.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

HAVING completed the suit of Portraits of all the Female Branches of the ROYAL FAMILY, including his Majesty; to which likewise are annexed those slight Biographical Sketches which alone accorded with the plan of our Magazine, and were judged most suitable to the feelings of the dignified characters themselves, we now commence with another series.

The first respect would seem naturally due to the illustrious females of this kingdom; but it has been suggested to us, that a suit of Portraits of the reigning Female Sovereigns of Europe, in friendship and alliance with Great Britain, would be desirable to the lovers of the Fine Arts, as forming a splendid and unique collection, to embellish, in conjunction with the present complete suit of the Royal Family of England, the Cabinet of the amateur.

The first difficulty, that of procuring faithful and esteemed pictures of these illustrious foreigners, we have not only succeeded in overcoming, but have met unlooked-for facility in procuring. The Ambassadors of the several Courts, resident in London, have politely favoured us with portraits of their respective Sovereigns, and sanctioned our plan with the utmost condescension.

Notwithstanding, there is a sort of allegiance and precedence due to our native nobility, which we are disposed to preserve, in commencing with the following distinguished Lady.—Having thus testified our respect, we shall begin, in the next ensuing month, with the suit of the FOREIGN SOVEREIGNS; to whose portraits we shall likewise attach a portion of historical and private biography, of a very rare interest, derived from sources peculiarly our own.

Of her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, all biography, in her present early youth, would be presumptuous. Little can be known out of the sphere of her domestic circle, (which she embellishes with those virtues and qualities peculiar to her sex,) but what a common peerage will supply.

Georgiana Russell is the youngest daughter of the present Duke and Duchess of Gordon; she was married June 23, 1803, to John Duke of Bedford, the present Viceroy of Ireland, by whom she has issue a son, as yet an infant, christened, in compliment to a distinguished Statesman, deceased, Charles James Fox Russell.

Her Grace is most accomplished in her manners, and amiable in her person; she has not yet attained her 25th year.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[*Continued from Page* 64.]

THE next evening, by command of the Sultan, Danishmende thus resumed his narrative:—

"All was in vain; nothing could procure the emir any rest; he tossed himself on every side in quest of sleep. Short intervals of uneasy slumber only served to harass his imagination with frightful dreams; often in bitterness of heart did he curse his harem, his physicians, his cooks, and the young fops by whose example he had been led to adopt a soft luxurious life. He drew a comparison between himself, an old man of two-and-thirty, and the hoary headed youth of fourscore. He at last fell asleep; and on waking a few hours after, he almost thought all that had happened to him since his last sleep had been merely a dream, at least he did his utmost to suppress the recollection of the most disagreeable part of it; and, in hopes that new impressions would best contribute to that end, he threw open a window, which gave him a view of the garden, extending wide on the east side of the house. A pure air, impregnated with a thousand recreating odours dispelled the gloomy vapours still hovering in his brain; he felt himself refreshed; this sentiment now fanned a spark of hope within his breast, and with hope the love of life returned. As he was contemplating this garden, which he could not help admiring for its simplicity and usefulness, in spite of his vitiated and artificial taste, he perceived the old man, half covered with bushes, busying himself in the lighter employments of gardening, of which the emir had never deigned to acquire one idea. The desire of obtaining a solution of all the surprising and marvellous scenes he had beheld in this house, prompted him to go down into the garden, in order to have some conversation with the old man. After thanking him for the obliging reception he had met with in his advanced age, he began to testify his amazement that a person of his advanced age should be still so upright, so active, so lively, and so capable of sharing in the pleasures of life; if your silver locks, and your grey beard, added he, did not bear witness to your progress in the decline of life, one would take you for a man of forty. Explain to me, I pray, this mystery; what secret do you possess capable of working such a miracle?

"I can tell you my secret in three words, returned the old man, smiling,—work, amusement, and rest; each in small proportions, mingled in equal parts, and interchanged according to the suggestions of nature, work this miracle, as you choose to term it, in the most comprehensible manner possible. A not disagreeable weariness is the hint that nature gives us to interrupt our work for diversion; and a similar hint reminds us to rest from both. Work keeps up the taste for the pleasures of nature, and supplies the means of enjoying them; and he alone for whom her pure and blameless delights have lost all charms, is unhappy enough to seek a gratification in such as are artificial which they can never supply. Look at me, good stranger, how happy obedience to nature makes us; she rewards us with her choicest gifts; my whole life has been a long, rarely interrupted, chain of agreeable moments; for even labour, a labour proportionate to our powers, and not accompanied with any embittering circumstances, is connected with a kind of gentle pleasure, which sheds a benign influence over all our frame; but, for being happy by nature, it is necessary that we preserve the uncorrupt taste, that greatest of her benefits, and the instrument of all the rest; and for having right notions a right way of thinking is indispensably requisite.

"The old man looked full at his guest, and saw by his countenance that he understood but little of what he said. I shall be better understood by you perhaps, continued he, if I relate to you the history of our little colony; for in every other habitation, whither chance might have conducted you in these vallies, you would have found every thing pretty nearly like what you have seen in mine. The emir signified that he

should hear him with great pleasure. He had so much the appearance of fatigue, that the kind old man proposed to him to sit down on a sofa, in an arbour of the garden planted about with citrons; though to himself a walk among the trees would have been more agreeable.

"The emir willingly accepted this offer; and, while a beautiful young female slave presented them with the best coffee from Moca, the lively old man thus began his narrative:—

"We are told by an ancient tradition, that our progenitors were of Grecian descent; and by an accident, in the circumstances whereof you cannot at all be interested, were thrown, some centuries ago, into these mountains. They settled themselves in these pleasant vales, which nature seemed to have designed as a refuge for a few happy beings from the ill usage and pestilential manners of other mortals. Here they lived in a contented restriction to the narrow circle of the wants of nature, apparently so poor, that even the neighbouring Bedouins seemed to concern themselves but little about their existence. The greater part of the characters of their origin were gradually effaced by time; their language was lost in the Arabic; their religion degenerated into a few superstitious observances, for which they themselves could give no reason; and, of the arts which gave the Greek nation an inalienable superiority over all others, they retained only an affection for music, and a certain native propensity to elegance and to social pleasures, which furnished the basis whereon the wise legislators were able to erect their descendants into a small state of happy persons. Desirous of perpetuating the beauty of forms among them, they made it a rule to admit into their society only the most beautiful of the daughters of the neighbouring yemen; and to this custom (which our lawgiver found worthy of having the sanction of an inviolable duty) it is doubtless to be ascribed, that in all our vales you will find no person, either of our sex or of the other, who would not pass for an extraordinary beauty on the other side of the mountains. In the time of my grandfather, the excellent man to whom we are indebted for our present constitution, the second and proper founder of our nation, by a series of accidents, came into these regions. We know nothing either of his origin, or of the particulars of his life previous to the period of his coming among us. At that time he seemed to be a man of about fifty; he was tall, of a majestic figure, and of such an engaging deportment, that in a short time he won all hearts. He had brought so much gold with him that it was apparent to all that he had no other motive for living among us than because he was pleased with us. The gentleness and civility of his manners, the artless wisdom of his discourse, the knowledge he possessed of numberless useful and agreeable matters, joined with an eloquence that insinuated itself into every mind with irresistible force, procured him by degrees a more unbounded authority than a monarch usually has over his native subjects. He found our little nation capable of being happy; and people, said he to himself, who for some centuries could content themselves with indispensible necessaries, deserve to be so; I will make them happy. He concealed his intentions for some time, wisely thinking that he must make the first impressions by his example. He settled among us; he lived in his house just as you have seen us live; he made our people acquainted with the accommodations and pleasures which could not fail to excite their desires; and scarcely was he aware that he had attained this end, when he set about his grand project. A friend who had accompanied him, and was master of all the fine arts to a high degree of perfection, assisted him in accelerating its accomplishment. Many of our youths, after receiving the necessary preparatives from them, worked, under their inspection, with an enthusiasm not to be described. Wild regions were cultivated, fine meads, gardens, and orchards full of fruit trees were seen flourishing in districts which till now had been covered with briars and thistles; and rocks were shaded with newly planted vines. In the midst of a gentle eminence, which commands the most beautiful of our vallies, rose a circular temple, open on all sides, in the centre of which nothing was to be seen but an estrade about three steps higher than the ground, whereon stood three images of white marble; statues which could not be beheld without love and gentle transports; a hedge of myrtle, at some distance, surrounded the temple, and covered the whole elevation. This last work was a mystery to all our people, and Psammis (so this wonderful stranger was called) deferred giving them the solution of it till he perceived that all the tender reverence they felt for him was unable to restrain their impatience. At length, on the morning of a fine day, which ever since has been kept as the most sacred of our festivals, he conducted a number of our people, whom he had selected as the fittest for his purpose, to the top of this little hill, seated himself with them under the myrtle, and gave them to understand, that he was come to them with no other intention than to render them and their posterity happy; that he expected no other reward for it than the satisfaction of having obtained his end; and that he required no other conditions from them than a solemn vow to keep inviolably the laws that he should give them.

"It would be too prolix, continued the old

man, to relate to you what he said for convincing his hearers, and what he did for accomplishing the work he had begun, and for giving it all the consistence which a plan founded on nature can receive by prudent foresight. A specimen of his morality, which composes the first part of his legislation, will be sufficient for giving you some notion of it. Each of us, on entering his fourteenth year, on the day that he must make the vow in the temple of the Graces to live according to nature, receives a sort of tablets, made of ebony on which this system of morality is written in letters of gold. We carry them always about us, regarding them as a sacred deposit and, in a manner, as a talisman, to which our happiness is annexed. Whoever should attempt to introduce other maxims would be banished for ever from our borders, as a corrupter of our manners, and the destroyer of our welfare. Attend, if you please, to what I will now repeat to you from them.

"The Being of beings (thus speaks Psammis in the preamble to his laws) who, invisible to our eyes, and incomprehensible to our mind, grants us to feel his existence only by benefits, is not in want of us, and requires no other return from us, than that we should allow ourselves to be made happy. Nature, constituted by him our general mother and conductress, inspires us with the first sensations and impulses, on the moderation and harmony whereof depends our happiness; her voice it is which speaks to you by the mouth of her Psammis; his laws are no other than her's.

"She purposes that you should rejoice in your existence. Joy is the ultimate wish of all sensitive beings; it is to mankind what air and sunshine are to the plants. By sweet smiles she announces the first expansion of humanity in the suckling; and their departure is the presage of the dissolution of our being. Love and mutual benevolence are her richest and purest sources, innocence of heart and manners the gentle banks within which they flow.

"Hear me, ye children of Nature! for this, and no other name, shall your nation henceforth bear.

"Nature has formed all your senses, every minute vessel of the wondrous texture of your frame, your brain and your heart, to be instruments of pleasure. Could she more plainly tell you to what end she formed you?

"Had it been possible to make you capable of pleasure, without the necessity of being also susceptible of pain, she would have done it; but, as far as it was possible, she has stopped up the avenues to pain. So long as you follow her laws, it will seldom interrupt your bliss; nay more, it will sharpen your sensibility to every pleasure, and thus become a benefit; it will be in your lives what the shades are in a sunny landscape, what the dissonance is in a symphony, or what salt is to your food.

"Hear me, ye children of Nature! hear your sound and inviolable laws; without labour no health of mind or body, no happiness is possible. Nature ordains that ye derive the means of preserving and sweetening your existence, as the fruit of a moderate labour, from her bosom.

"Habituate your eyes to the beauty of Nature; and from the manifold variety of her beautiful forms, her rich combinations, her charming colouring, store your fancy with ideas of the beautiful.

"The ear, after the eye, is the most perfect of our senses. Accustom it to artless but affecting melodies, breathing beautiful sentiments which stir the heart with mild emotions, or lull the sleepy soul into delightful dreams. Joy, love, and innocence attune the frame of man to harmony with himself, with all good persons, and with all nature.

"Psammis has imparted to you new sources of pleasing sensations; through him ye enjoy, when fatigued with your daily toil, a voluptuous repose; through him delicious fruits delight your palate, transplanted to this foreign soil; in the love which you only knew under its meanest form of animal gratification, he has made you acquainted with the soul of life, the source of delicious transport, and the purest voluptuousness of heart.

"Oh my children! what pleasure, what agreeable sensation do I refuse you?—None; certainly none that nature designed you. I enjoin you to temperance, but for no other reason than as it is indispensible to preserve you from pain, and to keep you always inclined to joy. I have demolished the foolish contrast between various kinds of pleasure, and restored an eternal concord between them; I have increased, refined, ennobled your satisfactions.—What can I do more! Still one thing, and the most important of all. Learn, my children, the easy art of augmenting your happiness; extend your benevolence over all nature; taste as often as you can the pure celestial pleasures of making others happy; and thou, the wretch, whose heart does not begin to expand at these sentiments alone, flee for ever from the abodes of the children of Nature!"

Shah Gebal was insensibly fallen so fast asleep over the morality of the wise Psammis, that the fair Nurmahal held it advisable to postpone the continuation of the history of the emir to the ensuing night.

(To be continued.)

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THE SPECTRE.

A TRUE STORY.

In one of those rare societies which are interesting although little known, where one may still be amused without gaming, where one may converse with that liberty which forms the charm of cultivated minds, where no pretensions but those of pleasing are shown, and no eagerness except for the acquirement of instruction, the conversation happened to turn on real objects and fantastic visions. It was attempted to assign their difference and determine their analogy; to find the relation which exists between a regular dream and a profound meditation, between an ardent contemplator, and a cold observer, between enthusiasm which depicts, and examination which demonstrates.

One of the company then advanced, that a strongly exalted imagination attested the existence of beings with as much energy as the senses could. He was contradicted, grew warm, and continued the dispute, when an Officer said, that he thought a single fact would throw more light on an opinion than a great number of arguments, and he offered to tell them one which would perhaps elucidate the matter. He added, that the fact happened to a Captain in his regiment, that he had himself witnessed it, and that all his comrades could certify its truth.

The company agreed to lend their attention. He promised to recite the story with the greatest fidelity, and begged indulgence for details which he could not omit, as well as for a few reflections which naturally arose from the subject; he then proceeded as follows:—

After a smart engagement, in Italy, during the last war, the wounded French officers were taken to the hospital at Milan. Darville was one of the number; his wounds left but slender hopes of saving his life; he was soon reduced to the last gasp, but the powerful aids of medicine, together with his youth and vigour, united to save him.

He had no sooner recovered his senses, which had been suspended above a month, sometimes with a violent delirium, at others by a lethargic sleep, than he asked numberless questions as to where he was, in what condition he had been, and about all those objects which are so interesting to a man who, as it were, begins to exist anew, who tries new sensations, and who enjoys that pleasure in existing, of which none but those who are recovered from dangerous maladies can have any idea.

The nun whom he was thus interrogating, answered him with as much modesty as if she had not contributed essentially to his recovery, and with as much precision as if she had not quitted him a single instant. He was desirous of seeing her who was with so much complacence giving him the particulars he so eagerly sought to know. He drew back the curtain, and was greatly surprised at the sight of a charming female, apparently not above eighteen years of age, near his bed. In examining her with all the attention which she excited, he remarked eyes in which candour and benevolence shone; he surprised a look at once caressing and timid; he perceived one of those tender, ingenuous, and pensive physiognomies, which attracts more powerfully than beauty, and which inspires more interest; he admired a noble and elegant mien, enchanting natural graces, rendered more striking from the necessity of seeking them under a dress which irritated desire, whilst it indicated privations.

Darville, astonished to find such charms in the asylum of sickness, was much more so, after he had learned that this nun, whose name was Mary, had been his sole nurse during the whole of his long illness, that she employed the whole day in attending on him, that she watched him at night, and took only short slumbers, which never had caused any intermission in the care she had taken of him, with tender patience and admirable resolution, and that, in short, he owed his life to her.

Born with one of those fervent constitutions which renders men so amiable and so unhappy, and which multiply their sufferings by extending their affections, Darville considered gratitude as an act of devotion, and all his sentiments became passions. He immediately abandoned himself to an excessive sensibility; he fancied he should always be able to conceal it from her who was its cause. He no longer dared to accept those services which she still so kindly and earnestly offered him; he said he wished to begin to discharge the immense debts which he had contracted; he would not suffer her to watch at night, but begged her to retire to her repose, as the only means of allowing him any rest. But in a short time he was unable to enjoy any; a passion too violent to be mistaken, invaded his heart. The regard due to the situation of Mary, the respect which her benefits deserved, the reserve which the innocence of her manners inspired, compelled him to silence as a duty, which, however, he never violated more than

whilst he thought himself strictly observing it; the flame raged with greater activity from the painful efforts which he made to concentrate it. He first perceived this effect by the sudden reserve of Mary.

Fearful then of losing every thing, he dared every thing; he risked the avowal which he had promised himself never to make; he expected a repulse, he received it, and was overwhelmed with despair. All the reasons which were given to make him conquer his love, only served to increase it; all the consolations presented to him became as many torments; all the amends which were offered appeared to him an increase of misery. His almost broken-hearted mistress was going to leave him, and to send one of her companions to supply her place: one of Darville's wounds broke out afresh, and she remained.

In the mean time our regiment arrived at Milan for the winter. I went every day to keep my friend company; I found Mary, and witnessed her care; sometimes she dressed the wound in my presence, and I perceived her shed a few tears which she vainly tried to retain and conceal. Darville did not speak to her, but his looks darted fire, and his silence was impassioned. An eloquence so powerful, so terrible a situation, so much reserve with so much love, the energy which characterizes a right sentiment, that cry of the soul which proves it, that persuasion which accompanies it, all were united against Mary; all conspired to infuse a devouring flame into her feeling heart. She discovered it with terror; she did not, however, fear to disclose the whole to him who had inspired it; knowing him to be generous, she thought her virtue would never be in danger, unless she were to render him responsible for it; she therefore ventured to intrust him with that sacred deposit; and he swore it should be respected.

He thought he should be able faithfully to keep an oath which nature disavowed, but he soon was sensible of his mistake; he could no longer contain his feelings. Mary reminded him of his promise; a few tender words from her whom he adored suspended his transports. How, said she, must my ruin be the price of my sensibility; and do you seek to disgrace her whom you love? He fell at her feet, assured her of his repentance, renewed his protestations of respect, and experienced that the repulses of innocence are not always without sweets to an honest man who reveres the object of his love. When he reflected on the multiplied sacrifices made by an unfortunate woman who was to defend herself against the power of her lover and against her own weakness, wherein the so difficult victory was to be obtained by endless trouble and anxiety, he accused himself of being wanting in delicacy, he condemned his desires, he determined to abstain from any expression; and as soon as his mistress appeared his resolves were all forgotten.

Mary, supported by real piety, by the remembrance of her vows, by a conduct hitherto irreproachable, surmounted for a long time the tenderness which she shared; but her triumph was succeeded by that arid kind of grief which sheds no tears, which loads with an immense pressure, which agitates without distracting; above all, it became impossible for her to bear the idea that she caused the misery of him for whom she would have sacrificed her life. This conviction, against which those who truly love can find no defence, sealed her doom. She yielded; and the day which to her lover was the height of felicity, overwhelmed her with despair. From that moment she fancied she read her shame in every eye. Religious prejudices, of all the most tyrannical, filled her timorous conscience with fears. She considered that love which had enslaved her, which had cost her so dearly, of which she had proved all the charms without tasting them, as the greatest of crimes.

Whilst she was fulfilling her most noble and useful duties, but the most melancholy and frightful of all those which religious societies could impose on their votaries, and of which beneficent humanity could make choice, the picture of death appearing incessantly before her eyes, froze her senses, increased her terrors, and left that tender and timid soul a prey to the mortal activity of remorse.

Mary could no longer resist afflictions which became daily more keen; so much love, so many troubles, regrets, desires, struggles, successive nights passed with her lover, shattered a feeble constitution. She was seized with an inflammatory fever; it was pronounced mortal, and rapidly led her to the grave.

Her lover, who had concealed his passion, was not able to dissemble his loss: his despair broke out in the most inauspicious manner; the first fit was terrible; with great difficulty a stop was put to its effects, a sullen gloominess of mind succeeded. He told us he should soon rejoin her who had carried off his life; he was not to be persuaded to take any food; he slept no longer.

Penetrated with his condition, we neglected nothing which might alleviate it; but our eagerness to relieve him irritated his sorrows. Dismayed at the inutility of our cares, we, in one of our conversations, spoke with a vivacity of which the motive could not displease him. We gently reproached him with his want of friendship, we conjured him not to reject our entreaties; tears started in our eyes He abruptly interrupted us, saying: "My friends your efforts are fruitless; it is not in the power of any one

to allay my grief; it will only end with my life. What can comfort a man for the loss of her he adored? Absence: but that resource does not exist for me."

He stopped. We attended in silence the explanation of those strange words. All at once his looks were animated; he arose, and exclaimed:—"Mary is dead! she is dead, but she is not absent. She is there," added he, looking stedfastly at an armed chair towards which he pointed. "Yes, there she is, I see her as plainly as I do you; she fixes her eyes on me, she hears me; if I approach her she retreats, but she never disappears."

He was silent, and we ceased to offer him any more consolations which were of no avail, for his affliction was of a nature too uncommon to yield to ordinary means. Chance, which in the crisis of fantastical cases sometimes collects different means, appeared to offer one which gave us hopes of saving our friend, and restoring him to himself.

A public entertainment was given; all those contemptible women, who, it is said, preserve the morals of a town by corrupting them, appeared there. I was observing them in the ball-room, when I perceived one whose resemblance to Mary astonished me. I flew to an Officer of my regiment, and asked him whether I might show him a portrait of Darville's mistress, probably more exact, and certainly more real, than that with which that unfortunate man was beset. His surprise equalled mine. We placed ourselves by the side of that woman, and studied her features. This examination confirmed the truth of our first glance; and we immediately formed the design of profiting by so singular a meeting to cure the disease of our friend. Persuaded that the phantasm which pursued him would disappear when opposed to the real object, and that his imagination would be undeceived when he found his senses struck, we determined to introduce to him, in the dress of Mary, the female who was so like her.

After having agreed with this woman about the disguise she was to assume, the place she should go to, the signal at which she was to advance, her attitude, her gait, and all the requisites for the part she was to act, we went to Darville, and asked him a last proof of his friendship. "We are going to leave the place," said we, embracing him; "perhaps we may never meet again." Seeing he was moved, we pressed him to come and sup with us that same evening, saying that was the only proof we desired. He knew not how to refuse our invitation; he came, and we sat down to table. The repast was nearly finished, and he had not spoken a word, when, in order to raise to its height an emotion necessary to cause a total revolution, we talked to him about the fatal day on which he received the last sigh of his mistress.

Without making any answer, he looked earnestly towards a dark closet opposite to his seat; he arose, and extended his arms as if to reunite himself to the object which his delirium realised.

We that instant gave the signal; the counterfeit Mary entered; he perceived her, and fell backwards; he shuddered, and cried, "O my friends, my friends, save me! I am lost! I saw but one, and I see two." We attempted to convince him of his error.—He fell into convulsions, and expired pronouncing the name of Mary.

ON EPISTOLARY STYLE, AND ON MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

What is it that essentially characterises the epistolary style? It is a difficult question to resolve. Epistolary style is that which is most suitable to the person who writes, and to the subjects written upon. Cardinal d'Ossat cannot write like Ninon de l'Enclos; and Cicero does not write on the murder of Cæsar, in the same tone as he records the supper he gave Cæsar. The same principle may be applied to the style of history, of fables, &c. The style of Tacitus has nothing in common with that of Titus Livius, nor the style of La Fontaine with that of Phædrus.

To what purpose are these doctrines of *genera* and others which have been introduced into literature? Everything is now reduced to classes and *genera*: the term of perfection in every *genus* is the extreme point at which the best writer has stopped, and his manner is taken as a model. This critical spirit has indeed served to disseminate a more sound and general criticism, but has at the same time contributed to clog talents, and to contract the career of the arts. Happily genius will not be shackled by those petty rules which pedantry, mediocrity, the fury of judging have invented, and endeavour to maintain. The man of genius is like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, who bind him while he sleeps; he wakes, and without effort breaks those feeble bands which the dwarfs took for cables.

Nothing is more dissimilar than the epistolary style of Cicero and that of Pliny, the style of

Madame de Sevigné and that of Voltaire, which are we to imitate? Neither; for we have, properly speaking, no style, unless it is adapted to our character and turn of mind, modified by our feelings at the time of writing.

Letters have no other object than to communicate our thoughts and sentiments to absent persons; they are dictated by friendship, confidence, and politeness. It is a conversation in writing; so that the style of letters ought to be the same as that of common conversation, with somewhat more choice in the subjects, and more correction in the words and phrases. The rapidity of speech causes an infinite number of negligences to be overlooked, which the mind has time to reject whilst we write, be it ever so rapidly; and, moreover, he who reads is not so indulgent as he who listens.

The essential character of the epistolary style is then to be natural and easy; laboured wit, elegance, or correctness are insupportable.

Philosophy, politics, anecdotes, the arts, *bon-mots*, all may be introduced in letters; but with the easy carelessness and unpremeditation which characterise the conversation of well-educated persons.

Who is he that writes best? He who has the greatest flexibility of imagination, the most promptness, gaiety, and originality of mind, the most taste and facility in his manner of expression.

But whence comes it that the man who in conversation is animated, gay, and witty, is in his letters generally dull, dry, and heavy? It is because there are men who are excited by society, and others who are disconcerted. The impulse of society gives to the wit of some men more spring and activity, whilst it dulls and perplexes others. The former remain frigid whilst they sit in their study, pen in hand; the latter, in the same situation, regain the free exercise of all their faculties.

It may easily be conceived that those women who have wit, and a cultivated mind, write better letters than the best writers among men. Nature has bestowed on them more pliableness of fancy, and a more delicate organisation; their mind, less accustomed to reflection, possesses more vivacity and ready thoughts, it rambles into more digressions; shut up in society, and less distracted with business or study, they are more attentive in observing characters and manners, they are more interested in all the little events which occupy or amuse what is termed the world.

Their sensibility is more alert, more lively, and embraces a greater number of objects. They naturally express themselves with more facility; even the reserve which their education and manners prescribe them, serves to whet their wit, and on certain objects it inspires them with more refined and delicate turns; in fine, their thoughts participate less of reflection, their opinions are more connected with their sentiments, and their mind is always modified by the impression of the moment; thence that suppleness and variety which are usually found in their letters; that facility of passing from one object to others very different, without effort, and by unexpected although natural transitions; those expressions and associations of words, novel and keen without being sought for; those refined and often profound views of things, which appear like inspiration; and lastly, those happy negligences, more pleasing than exactness.

Men of talents, more accustomed to think and to write naturally, and, as it were, in spite of themselves, arrange their ideas so methodically as to render too much reflection apparent; and their style is of a correctness incompatible with that careless and negligent grace we so much admire in the letters of women.

Learned men, says Voltaire, do not usually write familiar letters well; like professed dancers, who cannot make a graceful bow.

The letters of Balzac and Voiture, which were so much admired in the last age, are at this time forgotten; because the passion for mere wit is less lively, the taste more formed, and the art of writing better known. There remains still of that immortal age, letters of two women which will live as long as the French language. Every body has read the letters of Madame de Maintenon, and one never tires of repeatedly reading those of Madame de Sevigné. But what a difference between these two celebrated women! The letters of the first are full of wit and reason, the style is elegant and natural, but the tone is serious and uniform. On the contrary what grace! what variety! what vivacity in those of Madame de Sevigné!

What particularly distinguishes her, is that momentaneous sensibility which is affected at every thing, which is every where diffused, which receives with extreme rapidity different species of impressions. Her imagination is a pure and brilliant glass, wherein every object is painted, and reflected with a lustre they do not naturally possess. This pliancy of soul forms the talent of poets, especially dramatic poets, who are obliged almost at the same time to invent characters extremely different, and to be penetrated with the most opposite sentiments; when they are in the same scene, to represent a passionate and a sedate man, a virtuous man and a villain, Nero and Brutus, Mahomet and Zopirus, &c.

It has been said that Madame de Sevigné was a gossip; that may be, if we simply understand

a gossip to be a woman incessantly occupied by all the motions of society, by every word which escapes, by all the events which succeed each other, who collects every slanderous aspersion, who recounts with the same vivacity a pleasant folly and the death of a great man, the success of a sermon and the gain of a battle; but how can we apply the epithet of gossip to a woman of the first rank, well-instructed, full of wit, graces, gaiety, and imagination, admired and courted by the most distinguished men in the age of Louis XIV.?

It is very difficult for a foreigner to feel the merit of her style; it originates from the progress which society had made in France, where she has created a language which is well understood by such persons only as have frequented good company for some time. The niceties of that language consist particularly in a great number of terms, which, being a little diverted from their primitive sense, express accessory ideas, of which the various shades are more readily felt than defined. There are numberless expressions and turns which continually recur in our conversations, and which have no equivalent in our languages. A stranger must be far advanced in the French language to be able to feel the charm of the letters of Madame de Sevigné, and of the fables of La Fontaine.

Count de la Riviere, of whom we have a collection of letters, in two volumes, says somewhere, "When we have read a letter of Madame de Sevigné, we feel a kind of regret, because we have one the less to read." This sentence is worth his whole collection.

What adds to the value of Madame de Sevigné's letters, is the great number of strokes which depict the brilliant court of Louis XIV. We are pleased to find ourselves, as it were, in company with the greatest personages of that splendid reign, which, notwithstanding the censures of a severe and rigid philosophy, always retains an air of grandeur which attracts us, and strikes us with awe. It is not likely that our age will ever have the same attraction for our descendants. "What disgusts me with history," said a sensible lady, "is to think that what I see happen to-day, will one day be history." This is a witty saying, but should not be taken literally. The history of the intrigues of the Vatican ought not to give us disgust for that of the Roman republic.

It appears as if most of those persons who admire the writings of this extraordinary woman, do not yet sufficiently feel her superiority. She is rational and frivolous, pleasant and sublime, as occasion requires, and enters into all these varieties with inconceivable facility. The graces, suppleness, and liveliness of her style, shine above all in her narratives.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 83.]

Of Fashion.

But, let us return to our subject, to fashion, properly so called, that haughty rival of nature, to whose dictates both the graces and beauty are frequently sacrificed.

Women, ever jealous of maintaining, and perhaps of extending the empire they possess over our sex, had no arms more powerful than those of beauty, and to give more force to its fascinating attractions they have called in art to the assistance of nature—art, so often a dangerous ally!

Hence sprung the love of the toilette, a propensity as ancient as the world, a propensity universally diffused, and which is observable in the stark naked savage, as in the European clad in gold and silks.

In the savage! you exclaim. Most certainly. That Mogul women whose whole body is covered with flowers and the figures of animals, which she has delineated upon it, is as proud of those decorations as is an English *belle* of a robe embroidered by a fashionable milliner; and the negress of Zanquebar who wears a bell about her neck, does so only in conformity to the fashion, as one of our dashing females suspends from it a medallion encircled with brilliants.

But have women while they have made attention to the toilette to consist in perpetual change, while, in short, they have submitted to the disgraceful yoke of fashion; have they, I ask, attained the object they proposed? I venture to affirm that they have not.

Dress is to beauty what harmony is to melody; it ought to set it off to advantage, to enhance its lustre; never to cover or to disguise it. Luxury in dress is like luxury in accompaniments, which so far from giving greater effect to the voice of the

singer only serves to drown it. Farther, the toilette, like an accompaniment in music ought to harmonize with the person it is intended to embellish; it ought to vary according to the figure the features, the physiognomy, the colour of the complexion and of the hair; it ought also to be modified according to age, condition or character. It would be as absurd to dress all women in the same manner, as to sing every tune with the same accompaniment.

Woman of taste know perfectly well that the dress ought to be adapted to the wearer; accordingly, they are cautious not to follow any new fashions which would betray their beauty, which would not tend to set off the brilliancy of their charms, which would not shew the precious gifts of nature to advantage or which would ill disguise her partial neglect. Such females consult not the fashion, but their own persons; they imitate not, but invent. The productions of their fertile imagination cannot fail to appear extremely handsome, since their imagination has been guided by taste and not by caprice. Other women eagerly avail themselves of these new attractions, regardless whether or not they are adapted to their persons; and hence arises the abuse of fashion.

But what is fashion, in the limited signification which we here give it? 'Tis a kind of dress which sometimes is perfectly suited to certain females, and which all are anxious to adopt. It is, for example, a head-dress which makes Hortensia look horribly ugly, but which Hortensia adopts because it appears charming when worn by Olympia. It is a robe which exhibits all the defects in the figure of Euphemia, but which Euphemia is determined to wear, because it enchantingly displays the divine form of the youthful Eleonora. This being the case, how many contrasts does not a delicate eye perceive between the persons and the dress of women who are the slaves of fashion! Here it is a young female whose arm should have been prudently concealed by the officious covering of a discreet sleeve, but who, in obedience to the fashion, displays it naked, and exhibits the ominous spectacle of skeleton leanness; there it is a robe cut down too low, making a general confession of sins.

I could produce a thousand instances of the bad taste of many females, and of the manner in which they disfigure themselves by blindly following the fashions; but what occasion have I to say more? Women perceive much more clearly than we all these absurdities in persons of their sex, and whenever I have been in places where many females were assembled, a quarter of an hour's conversation with only one of them was sufficient to inform me how ill all the others were dressed.

Fashion, I repeat, is the tyrant of taste, and is frequently the exterminating angel of beauty.

Here, I know, the younger portion of the sex will be ready to exclaim: "What, speak ill of fashion! how atrocious! of fashion, an object so seductive, that next to the felicity of following, there can be no greater pleasure than talking of it!"

A moment's patience, ladies; let me explain myself; for, in truth, I should be extremely sorry to give you cause of offence.

You will, doubtless agree with me, that fashion changes very often, that, to gratify this insatiable thirst of such everlasting variety, it is necessary to be incessantly inventing, and that when simple and elegant forms are exhausted, it is time to have recourse to the most irregular and frequently the most absurd. Are all these forms, and all these inventions sanctioned by good taste? Assuredly not: but just now you would say—I understand you; the fashion of the day is charming, delightful; but the fashion of ten years ago is odious, is horrible: that is clear.

Nevertheless, this odious, this horrible fashion, was the fashion of the day, ten years ago; it was then charming: and the fashion of to-day—What will you say of it ten years hence, ladies?

How sincerely I regret that the fairy tales are but tales! Why do not those wonderful beings who perform such prodigies by the mere motion of a little wand actually exist! How convenient it would be! But let us suppose for a moment that it were so.

Ernestine is a charming woman; she places her self at her toilette, and the elegance and beauty of her dress are about to excite envious pangs in the bosom of all her rivals. I have no occasion to tell you that Ernestine wears nothing but what is in the newest style: Ernestine is young, a Parisian, and a coquette.

The toilette is finished, but all at once, a hostile fairy waves her magic wand. Ernestine falls asleep. And how long does she remain in that state? Ten years—a mere trifle for a fairy.

Ernestine has slept ten years; she awakes without perceiving that she has been asleep; she goes to the play. What is her astonishment! Peals of unextinguishable laughter salute her on her entrance; every eye is fixed upon her and she is pointed at by every finger. Ernestine, unable to conceive the cause of such a singular reception, remains thunderstruck. "Madam", at length says one of the ladies in the same box with her, "how could you venture to appear in public in such a ridiculous dress?" "What do you say, Madam?" rejoins Ernestine; "it is in the very newest fashion. But it is you, ladies", says she to those who surround her, "that appear to me to be dressed in a manner equally extraordinary and

ridiculous. Or is this a masquerade?" "A masquerade!" exclaims the prim Amelia; "the lady, I perceive can be jocular if she pleases." "It is you, Madam," says the young and unaffected Ursula, "who seem to have been preparing for a masquerade; but indeed you are too young, and too pretty, to muffle yourself up so in that old fashioned dress. I have an aunt, who always keeps to the good old customs, and one might swear, for all the world that you had borrowed her clothes."

My readers will not find it difficult to supply the remainder of this conversation.

Such, however, is the scene which would actually take place, were it possible to bring together unexpectedly two females between the fashions of whose dresses there should be an interval of a few years.

It is, therefore, evident that custom alone sanctions fashions, and extols to-day what it will cause to be despised to-morrow: consequently it is not the good taste of a dress that constitutes its merit, but solely the fancy of the moment. You are thought exceedingly handsom in a very ugly fashion, if it be but new, and you are thought ridiculous in a very handsome fashion, if it be out of date.

I had one day a striking example of this tyranny of fashion, which so frequently deprives women of the advantage of adopting the dress which is best suited to their persons.

At a masquerade during the carnival, I met with a lady of my acquaintance, a young and a very handsome woman; but what terms can express the charms with which she was on that day adorned! No, never did I see such brilliancy, such vivacity; never did I behold a physiognomy more open, more interesting, more animated eyes, a more sweetly smiling mouth. It was not the same person, but one of those airy nymphs with whom the voluptuous imagination of the poets has embellished the banks of the Eurotas. All eyes were fixed upon her. What was the reason of this extraordinary change? A dress proscribed by custom for several years, the wearing of which nothing but the carnival could then sanction. A simple shepherdess's hat of white straw, placed rather backward on the head, a tuft of flowers, hair gracefully flowing—such was the talisman that created these new charms in Zephirina! "What a pity" said I, coming up to her, "that you cannot always wear a hat which becoms you so well!" "At any other time than a masquerade," said she, smiling, "I should be thought ridiculous." "I know it," replied I, "but then how handsome you would look!"

Hence it appears that there are extremely pleasing fashions, which custom absolutely proscribes, and that there are others equally ridiculous which its absolute power condemns the fair sex to follow.

A few days afterwards I met Zephirina, but, alas! how changed! she was no longer the same woman. Under the dark contour of a deep and unlucky hat, her beauty was totally extinguished; her brow no longer exhibited that graceful display which is so well adapted to youth; her eyes had lost their lustre; her head had not the harmonious accompaniment of an elegant dress; the frolic train of sports and loves no longer played in the moving ringlets of her flowing hair: in a word, Zephirina attracted not the facinated eyes of man, but Zephirina was dressed after the fashion of the day. Custom, then, would not permit her to appear more handsome.

There are indisputably charming fashions, fashions authorized by good taste, but in every thing there is a perfection, that is a point which good taste cannot pass without losing its way. As soon as this perfection is attained, no change can be made without removing farther from it; and this is exactly our case.

To the honour of the female Parisians I must say, that about five years since they had attained the degree of perfection of which I am speaking. Their dress at that time combined simplicity, elegance, good taste, and gracefulness. They exhibited to us an image of those lovely Grecian women whose charms are celebrated in history. Their garments seemed to have been designed by the pencil of the Graces, and their head-dress was at once simple and noble.

Why has the genius of inconstancy obliged the sex to abandon so seducing a costume? Custom you know requires change, they have therefore changed in compliance with its dictates. Every day, introducing a new fashion, has destroyed a charm; every day has beheld a grace supplanted by something ridiculous, and caprice has succeeded good taste.

The sex cannot be too thoroughly convinced that absurdity kills taste, and that simplicity will always have just claims to embellish even beauty itself. The caprices of fashion, so far from increasing the influence which women pretend to exercise over our sex, only serve very often to render them ridiculous or ugly. I will mention but one example out of a thousand. Ought not the figure of the head to be oval? Should not every thing which alters this figure, be considered as detracting from nature? What then are we to think of those bonnets that project both before and behind, and give the head of a woman, seen in profile, the form of a hammer! Have savages ever invented any thing more ridiculous?

The time when the women of Greece acted such a distinguished part, when they received the homage of the greatest men, was when the sim-

plicity of their dress harmonized with the perfection of their charms. Their heads were not then overloaded with a vain luxury of useless ornaments; their long dark hair fell in undulating ringlets on their shoulders, or a simple gold pin turned them up with taste, and fastened their brilliant tresses. In the cities they always went with their heads uncovered: had they occasion to expose themselves to the beams of the sun, then, indeed, a Thessalian hat protected their complexion without giving offence to taste.

I must not conclude this chapter without shewing how obscure, vile, disgusting or atrocious, the origin of many of our fashions has been. Circumstances of every kind have furnished some fashion or other, and things which only tended to perpetuate the remembrance of fatal accidents have been adapted for dress. Thus, the opera-house having been formerly consumed by a fire, in which a great number of unfortunate people lost their lives, a few days afterwards no other colour was to be seen but that called *feu d'opera*. They dressed themselves out with the recollection of human creatures burned alive! But the *feu d'opera* was a handsome colour! Have we not seen women wear rings in which were set stones of the Bastille? These they called *bijoux à la constitution*. But what is all this in comparison with what follows! My pen almost refuses to record the atrocious fashion—women have worn in their ears golden guillotines! What then is fashion!

But enough of these horrid subjects! Fashion has seldom exhibited this degree of atrocity; but how often has she not appeared abject and debased! Have we not seen her raking even in filth to pick up the brilliant chimeras which governed opinion and seduced the sex! The soft colour of the heavens, the carnation of the rose, or the verdant carpet of our meads had grown too common and were left for the lower classes. The mud of Paris, the soot of our chimneys, and the rags of Savoyards became the fashionable colours. Finally, have we not seen, and this undoubtedly is the height of ignominy, have we not seen the fair sex seeking the colour of their ribbons in the very excrement of the royal infant? The colour *caca dauphin* adorned every dress, and this word, which I cannot now write without repugnance, was then in the mouths of all the best bred women! What a ridiculous taste, that would attempt to dress beauty in disgusting images! With this stroke of the pencil, ladies, I shall finish the picture of fashion.

[*To be continued.*]

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

[*Continued from Page* 85.]

Carmion pares the nails; anxiety to have handsome hands and nails; Latris lets fall the case of the Mirror.

THE procession of the knights through the *Via Sacra* does not allow Sabina sufficient time to bathe; she is therefore obliged to have an operation performed at her toilette which usually took place at the bath, I mean that of cutting and polishing the nails of her fingers and toes. Carmion was the name of the slave who performed this office at the bath with such peculiar skill as to afford perfect satisfaction to her mistress. She now lays hold, with extreme care, of the hand of Sabina, cuts and polishes the nails, one after another, with a small pair of silver tongs and a knife, which were formerly used instead of our scissars; she then commences the same operation on the toes.

It is necessary to observe, that in ancient times no person who made any pretensions to elegance and opulence, would condescend to cut his own nails; those who could not keep slaves for this purpose, went to a barber's shop to have their nails cut. Horace, in one of his most humorous letters, mentions a singular exception to this rule, in the person of a public crier, "who cut his nails himself in the shop of a barber."

Ladies of distinction, however, kept slaves who had received regular instruction in the art, to perform this office with the utmost dexterity; a principal part of their business was to prevent the appearance of backbiters (*paronychia*), and to remove the excrescences at the sides (*reduviæ*)

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with the greatest care. In this particular the females of antiquity possessed the most delicate sense of beauty and propriety. A fine finger and a handsome nail might well be reckoned among the thirty beauties, which, according to the celebrated Latin poem of the Italian Giavanne Nevizano, were observed in Helen, the most beautiful of mortals. The females of ancient Greece and Rome never forgot to place a long, soft, and tapering finger among the indispensible requisites of beauty; and as Minerva afforded them the model of the finest hand, so that of the finest finger was furnished by Diana, the youngest of all the fair goddesses. To this belonged also a regular polished nail, exhibiting the colour of a delicate carnation. The master of the "Art of Love," does not fail to give his docile pupils some instructions on this head:

"Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,
"Should always shun much gesture in discourse."

The last verse gives a delicate hint at the reason why so great a value was set on handsome fingers and nails. They then accompanied, or rather they still accompany discourses in those countries, with suitable gestures of the hands and fingers, which were even reduced within the rules of art; these were considered a principal portion of the art of dancing, or cheironomie. They could likewise make themselves understood without words, by the mere motion of the fingers, and perfectly designate in particular whatever we are accustomed to express by numbers *.

A finger so communicative and so eloquent, was naturally expected to possess beauty, and hence the attention to their propriety and neatness up to the very tip of the nail, especially as the females of those days were not acquainted with the use of gloves, so admirably adapted to conceal a number of defects. The custom of wearing gloves, which, from an extravagant love of dress, disguises among us the most beautiful hands and arms, even at table and in the dancing-room, had not yet penetrated into the southern regions of Europe from the cold regions of the north †, where the natives are obliged to muffle themselves up in furs and the skins of animals.

Hence arose the extreme care bestowed by the ancients on the preservation of handsome fingers and nails; to this cause also was probably owing the invention of rings, which were originally intended in the East for nothing more than a method of keeping the fingers small and delicate ‡. Hence the frequent use of various kinds of juices, herbs, and mineral powders, of which a whole collection of recipes for removing the unseemly ruggedness and excrescences of the nails, may be found in the natural history of Pliny alone. When all this is taken into consideration, it will not appear surprising that a Roman lady of distinction should commit the care of her nails as a particular duty to one of her slaves, and that this should, in those days, be looked upon as one of the principal branches of female dress.

Carmion had just done cutting the finger-nails of Sabina, and had rubbed them with a sponge dipped in vinegar, and was just going to commence the same operation on those of the toes §, when Sabina recollected that she had a few days before been informed by a Jew doctor, that it is possible to get rid of any corporeal disorder, and to transfer it to another, by mixing up the parings of the nails with wax, and sticking it against the door-post of the stranger ||. She had for some time perceived, with great

* This art, to which we are utter strangers, and which Cicero mentions by the general appellation, *argutias digitorum*, is still to be found in the harems of the East, among the deaf and dumb, and the women who are shut up in them. The ladies of antiquity were perfect mistresses of this language of the fingers, as appears from various passages of erratic writers.

† The very names of gloves in the southern languages of Europe, *guante*, *guanto*, *gant*, are derived from the northern word *hand*, from which the language of the middle ages made *wanti*, *wantos*.

‡ In the East, where rings were originally invented, a small, delicate hand is still an essential requisite of beauty. We are told by Hodges, in his Travels in the East Indies, that the hands of the Hindoos are delicately formed, like those of an elegant woman; on which account the hilts of Indian sabres are too small for the hands of most Europeans.

§ It should not be forgotten that the toes, even of the most elegant ladies, were completely exposed to view, as their sandals were merely fastened upon the foot with ribbons, one of which passed between the great toe and that next to it.

|| Pliny mentions this sympathetic cure with parings of the nails, only for tertian and quartan fevers; but it is only reasonable to suppose, that superstition may have employed them to expel other disorders, as wonderful things have been related concerning their use in magic, &c. Thus it was not permitted to cut the nails on a market-day.

concern, the symptoms of a swelling wen on her neck, and therefore immediately resolved to make trial of this sympathetic remedy. She called Latris, who was now standing unemployed, and ordered her carefully to collect the parings which had dropped upon the floor, and to put them into a little box that lay on the table.

Poor Latris, who was not just then expecting any commission, and whose mind was occupied with the recollection of the happy days of her youth which she passed at Ephesus, was so startled at the rough tone in which she was abruptly called by Sabina, that she let fall not the mirror but the case, on the outstretched foot of her mistress. Fortunately Carmion had not yet applied the knife to the first nail; nevertheless a tremendous tempest collected over the head of the unfortunate slave:

As when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise;
Above the brim they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft and cloud the day.

So Donna Sabina springs with a loud scream from her seat, and without stopping to call the female executers of her will, she revenges herself with those instruments which the wild inhabitants of the forest employ to vent their rage on each other—nails, fist, and teeth. Luckily the former, the most natural weapons, had just been cut; but several blows with the clenched fists on the face of the wretched Latris, were followed by a stream of blood from her nose and mouth, which instantly mingled with the red juice of the pastils which Sabina had spit in her face. The sight of blood only serves to render the tiger still more savage; and the bosom of the slave had certainly suffered, had not a most ludicrous scene, which unexpectedly presented itself, dissipated the passion of Sabina.

The works of Seneca contain many horrible examples of the cruel treatment which slaves received from their masters, in the first emotions of their passion. One of the most remarkable passages on this subject is in Galen's treatise on the discovery and cure of our passions, in which he speaks of masters who in their rage attacked their slaves with teeth, fists, and feet, beat out their eyes, or scooped them out with styles, which they used in writing. It was thus that the Emperor Adrian treated one of his favourite slaves, who demanded of his master the eye of which he had deprived him. In the same work Galen relates that he had a Xantippe of a mother, who used sometimes to bite her slaves, and was always quarreling with his father. Another example of one of these domestic furies, is given by Chrysostom, in his Homilies:—"The passengers," says he, hear the raving of the mistress, and the howling of the slave; she binds the girl, after stripping her naked, to the feet of her sofa, and then applies the scourge. The slaves, when they accompany their mistress to the bath, expose to public view their backs streaming with blood from these flagellations."

Even in the very mode in which they struck the slaves in the face, a refinement in cruelty was displayed; they struck them with the knuckles of the clenched fist, which was considered as highly ignominious, and suited only to slaves. Hence Seneca says, " You will find slaves who would rather be scourged than endure the disgrace of being struck thus with the knuckles. The slaves whom their master thought fit to punish in this manner, were sometimes obliged to blow out their cheeks, and thus present them, that the unkind fist might strike without running the risk of hurting itself!

[To be continued.]

THE FRANK MAN.

BY A LADY.

The habit of falsehood which is established in the world, and which hinders truth from being welcome if it be not presented in an agreeable form, is really an abominable thing. But no matter, I shall always tell it, whether I am asked or not. I am frank and ingenuous, as I tell every one I meet, in order that my manner may be understood. Some persons tell me they do not like this sincerity, but I do not mind that; mine does not so much belong to my character as to my principles. I was brought up in the country by my uncle, who was, as he said, become a philosopher, because his mistress had deceived him, and his steward had robbed him. He might have expected as much; for he had long before written a book in which he affirmed that all men were false, all women deceitful, and all stewards rogues.

Notwithstanding this, he was as much vexed as if he had foreseen nothing, and every evening after he told us instances of the men, women, and stewards; he said, can you believe that my mistress, whom I had seduced from one of my friends, could have abandoned me, and that

my steward could plunder me of a thousand crowns? for these things occasioned my uncle to turn philosopher. Afterwards he informed me that falsehood inhabited great cities under the name of politeness, and that the character of men of the world, was that of a worn out medal, which I had before heard.

He died; and as soon as I was in possession of his fortune, I resolved to go to London, to exhibit an ingenuous man to that great city, and I got into the stage-coach. I there found a lady whom I thought handsome, and I told her so in plain terms; another was ugly, of which I also informed her, without being asked.

In consequence, as I complained of the cold, the ugly lady kept the window on her side open during the whole journey, as was the glass on the opposite side, by the husband of the lady I thought handsome.

We arrived at last, in rather an ill humour; I found in the inn-yard one of my late uncle's friends; I told him I was not sorry to see him, and that if I had not thus met with him, I should have taken an opportunity in the course of the month to have paid him a visit. Although a little surprised, as he was a good sort of man, he looked on this speech as the brogue of my country, and took me to one of his relations, who invited me to her house to hear a comedy. I expected to find the piece detestable, and to say so; however, it was not bad, and as I pique myself upon my frankness, I told the author it was tolerable. Every body was distressed; and although the mistress of the house did not interest herself in favour of the person who had read his piece, yet I learned, a few days after, that she was going to give a concert from which I was formally excluded; so much aversion have people in that great city to frankness. To console myself I went into the pit at the Opera.

My neighbour, who, as I afterwards found, was a master mason, offered me snuff; I refused a pinch, because I never take snuff, and I added that his snuff had a bad smell; my neighbour was angry; his companion, who was likewise a master mason, and was a little in liquor, also grew angry. There happened to be a number of people of their profession in the pit that evening; I should have been knocked down if I had not been protected by a man who got me out of the scrape, and took me home with him. He had a beautiful wife; she pleased me; I was too frank to dissemble my feelings, and she was too sincere to disguise the impression which I had made on her. As I am candour itself, I made no mystery of my proceedings. The husband suspected something, and questioned me about the matter. Frank as I am, I could not hide any thing from him. The lady was sent back to her family, and I was run through the body in three places by the husband, and nearly lost my life. Some people blamed me, and pretended that instead of telling all to the husband, I should have acted so as to have nothing to tell. That may be, but I did not at first think of it, and, moreover, I pique myself on my frankness.

This affair, however, did me injury. I returned into the country, and was resolved at least not to tell truth to a person's face. I went to Mrs. A. and told her Mrs. B. was very amiable. They had quarrelled, and next day the door of the former was shut against me. The next day, whilst I was with Mrs. C. I saw Miss D. enter, who had one shoulder half a foot higher than the other, and I said she was hump-backed. Miss E. who heard me, made no answer, but she went round the room, talking to every one, and the next moment the hump-backed lady scowled at me; and Mrs. F. looked gruffly at me, because her grand-daughter, Miss G. who had but one eye, supposed that when opportunity offered I should come and tell her so. I then turned myself to Mr. H. to tell him his wife was much better dressed than Miss I. who, a minute after, I found was his mistress.

I was afterwards in treaty of marriage with Miss K. who was proposed as a wife to me because I had said she sung well; this made all the relations of Miss L. my sworn enemies, because I had accused her of singing out of tune. I missed this match because I had in confidence told Mrs. M. that my future spouse did not dance on tiptoe, and this set me a quarrelling with all the other letters of the alphabet.

I then retired and shut myself up in my own house, where I am now very coldly treated by my housekeeper, because I proved by my calculations she was fifty-eight years old, whereas she pretended to be no more than fifty-six

ON DEATH.

In one of the volumes of the posthumous works of M. de Florian, a short account of his life is prefixed, and this contains part of a sermon of his composition. He was at that time one of the pages of the Duke de Penthièvre, and not yet fifteen years of age. The curate of St. Eustache was conversing with the Duke about sermons, and young De Florian joining the conversation, maintained that a sermon was not a matter of difficulty in composition, and that he thought himself capable of writing one, if it were required.

The Prince took him at his word, and offered to bet fifty Louis d'Ors that he did not succeed. The curate was to be umpire. De Florian set himself to work, and in a few days produced the fruits of his labour. What was the surprise of the Duke and the curate when they heard the young lad recite a sermon on Death, which might have stood the test of the press! The Prince acknowledged he had lost his wager, and directly paid the money, saying, he had great pleasure in losing it. The curate carried off the sermon, and preached it in his parish church. Here follows all that has been found of this performance among his manuscripts; if the age and situation of the writer be considered, they are precious memorials of his talents. He died in 1795, not having attained the age of forty.

" Death is every where; it is in the titles that the ambitious man seeks to obtain, it is in the treasures which the miser hoards, it is in the pleasures the voluptuous man thinks he enjoys; death is the basis and end of every thing. Follow me in the world, contemplate with me all the world holds dear, and behold death every where.

" That grandee of the earth, who, proud of his high birth, of his dignities, believes himself kneaded of more noble clay than I am; that grandee to whom we pay the price of what his ancestors have done, and who dares to look on our homage as a tribute he imposed on us at his birth, that grandee owes every thing to death; he is its work, he holds from it alone all which constitutes his false glory. Let him produce the titles which elevate him above his equals; every one of those titles is a gift of death. His nobility! this is founded on a heap of corpses; the more the heap increases the more illustrious it becomes; a load of dust is the throne of that nobility of which he is so proud, and shortly he will himself become a step of that funeral throne. His dignities! to whom does he owe them? to death, which has carried off those who deserved and acquired them; death has reaped the man, the title remains, and this ambitious noble holds it from death.

" That miser who has spent his life in diminishing his wants, who has forgotten that God had only given him riches to relieve the poor, that miser at last has arrived at the pitch of smothering the voice of nature. The unfeeling habit of repulsing the unfortunate, has rendered him deaf to their complaints; he hears not the cries of the wretch who begs a bit of bread, that he may live another day; he sees not those starving children who struggle for the scanty morsels moistened with the sweat of the brows of their father; he heeds not that young girl who, pursued by misery and vice, begs his succour to preserve her innocence; nothing moves him, nothing affects him, his ferocious heart is incapable of relenting. He carries to his hoard that treasure which he fancies was attempted to be extorted from him, and deposits it there, applauding his own barbarity; he does not even feel any remorse. Suffering humanity cries not for him; but death alone has not lost its rights, it lies in wait in the place where he has hidden his riches. The barbarian is affected whilst counting his gold, the mere idea that he must one day, in spite of himself, leave it to greedy heirs, poisons all the pleasure he takes in accumulating; he views, with sighs, the vile metal which forms the destiny of his life; a few tears, for the first time, roll down his cheeks. As death only performs this miracle, so only death can make itself heard; death is placed in the midst of his treasures, and from thence cries to him,—remember thou art but dust!"

THE REPRESENTATIONS OF LIFE,

CONTAINED IN WORKS OF FICTION:

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS HAVING ANY EXISTENCE IN NATURE.

[*Continued from Page* 71]

"What I am now going to add," continued M. de Palaise, "is equally applicable to both sexes. We had been remarking the universal prevalence and irresistible power of curiosity, and the importance which trifles acquire when valuable subjects of investigation are wanting. You must have observed, that even in large cities, society is formed into different circles, which, like country villages, have their particular topics of conversation. The trifling incidents which happen among them excite the spirit of inquiry for a moment, and furnish temporary subjects of discussion. These, however, are soon forgotten amidst the multiplicity of occurrences which are of a more important nature, and more forcibly attract the public attention. In a large and crowded metropolis, a variety of interesting objects and incidents successfully excite and gratify curiosity, give expansion to the mind, and animation to the discourse.

"In small places the case is different; where society is on a more contracted scale, and the sphere of observation confined within narrower limits, a paucity of ideas must be expected.—Where the subjects of observation and reflection are few and trivial, the topics of discourse are the same. The general attention is eagerly turned to insignificant objects; the mind is engaged in frivolous inquiries, and satisfied with unimportant information. It may always be observed, that when the mind is accustomed to amuse itself with trifles, and to confine its researches and reflections within a contracted circle, it seldom directs its attention or inquiries to things which are of greater importance, but placed at a greater distance from the usual but narrow range of its observations. In such a state of intellectual sterility, trifles become interesting; and the occurrences in a neighbour's family, or the petty transactions of the village, engage attention, and excite the spirit of scrutiny as much as the revolutions of empires."

"But," said Madame de Clairville, "is there no remedy for this almost universal evil, which, like a pestilential contagion, scarcely affords any exception from the virulence of its attacks?—Can neither the precepts of religion, nor the dictates of philanthropy, check that malignity which delights in wounding the reputation of every one who comes within the reach of its infected breath, which aggravates criminality by the addition of ficticious circumstances, or supposes its existence although destitute of proof?"

"The means which you appear to think adapted to this desirable end," returned M. de Palaise, "are certainly those which alone can prove effectual. From the observations already made, you will, however, perceive that there are other means of a subordinate nature, the use of which might be extremely conducive to the eradication of this moral contagion, which makes such havoc in society. The love of scandal always prevails in the circles of ignorance and frivolity, and diminishes in proportion to the cultivation of the intellect. To extinguish this spirit of malignity, it is, therefore, necessary to cultivate a taste for reading, in order to furnish the mind with a variety of ideas, and multiply the means of acquiring useful information, which would supply a fund of entertainment more congenial to its sublime nature, and more interesting than that of hearing and relating the anecdotes of human depravity. In spite of the benevolent spirit of Christianity, and the fulminations of its preachers, the demon of destruction still rears its head in almost every neighbourhood, and will never be banished from society while active curiosity is united to sterility of intellect. Topics of discourse must be found, and the want of useful knowledge will generally be supplied by the reports of scandal, and the tattle of the day.

"From almost every circumstance of life, however," continued M. de Palaise, "a well-organised mind will imbibe instruction, and even from the malignant activity of scandal some advantages may be derived. It ought to put every one, young persons especially, upon their guard against every thing in their deportment that can have the slightest appearance of a deviation from the path of moral rectitude, or be susceptible of an unfavourable construction. If, however, after all, they find themselves injured by unjust defamation, for detraction is not restrained by the boundaries of truth, but often attacks the most virtuous characters, conscious innocence will produce tranquillity of mind, and repel the darts of benevolence."

The young Clairvilles were extremely pleased with this dissertation; and promised to remember the important lesson which formed its conclusion. They now began to consider that they had now made all the observations they could possibly make in their present situation, and thought it unnecessary to prolong their stay for the sake of making such as could no longer be new or interesting, or of viewing conditions of life, or modes of society, similar to those which they had already sufficiently contemplated, and with which they were heartily disgusted. They were weary with repeated disappointments, and surprized to find the pleasures of rural occupations, and the charms of rural society, fall so far short of the picture exhibited by poets and moralists, who had contemplated life in idea, not as it exists in reality, and described its scenery from conjecture, and not from experience. They now began to neglect the society which the place of their residence afforded, and amused themselves chiefly in perambulating the fields, making daily excursions into the circumjacent country, and conversing indiscriminately as occasion offered, with persons of every description.

In these desultory rambles they found an indescribable pleasure in contemplating the beauties of nature, and the magnificent display of her diversified scenery, her prolific opulence, and variegated luxuriance; but on every occasion of conversing with the peasants, of whatever degree they might be, they found that solicitude, care, and anxiety prevailed in their minds; unless when forcibly dispelled, by incessant labour, which left no room for thought; or smothered by stupid ignorance, which extinguished the powers of reflection. The rich variety of productions with which the face of the country was covered, afforded its occupiers no other pleasure than that of calculating how much money the crops might produce, and how far that sum would enable them to answer the demands of the landlord, the expences of cultivation, the payment of parish rates, and the urgent wants of their families. The minds of the labouring part of the peasantry were engrossed solely with the hopes of a diminution in the price of grain, or the fear of its advancement, and their thoughts absorbed in calculating whether they should be able, out of the wages of their summer's labour, to spare enough from the expences of daily subsistence to purchase a little coal for the winter season, and a little coarse cloathing to screen themselves and their children from the severity of the weather. The young strangers could no where discover any appearance of that life of philosophy, contemplation, and mental serenity, which they had once expected to find in the midst of rural scenery, and agricultural occupations.

The beautiful appearance, however, of the hills and vallies, of the fields covered with waving crops, the meadows enamelled with flowers, and the pastures peopled with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, presented rich and variegated scenes, which, for some time, amused the perambulators, and compensated the disappointments and dissatisfactions which they experienced in social intercourse. In process of time, however, those rural objects, in losing their novelty, began to lose their charms. The variegated landscapes, which for a while offered to the eye a constant succession of fascinating views, began to appear less beautiful; the contemplation of fields and meadows, of lowing herds and bleating flocks, gave less delight; their perambulations became less frequent, and to enjoy the pleasures of novelty and variety, it was necessary to make more distant excursions. As their eyes now began to be weary of the constant recurrence of the same objects, their minds began to flag through the dull uniformity of the scene, and the want of enlivening society, and varied conversation — They resolved, therefore, with unanimous consent, to return immediately to the metropolis.

As they travelled without any equipage, the arrangements for their departure were soon made; and after having taken a friendly leave of their neighbours, whom they left busily employed in scrutinizing their reasons for making so short a stay, they commenced their journey. On the third afternoon of it, they entered a district which appeared to them a celestial paradise. The incessant alternation of hill and dale, lawns and groves, diversified the scene with indescribable beauty, and endless variety; and the different appearance of the arrangement of objects from every new position as they passed along the road, displayed, from every point of view, a prospect equally novel and delightful.

Nearly in the centre of this enchanting spot, stood a commodious inn; and although it was early in the afternoon when they reached it, the amenity of the place determined them to remain all night. They had no sooner alighted and taken some refreshment, than they all set out on a ramble into the adjacent grounds, and wandered from field to field, and from hill to hill, at every step discovering new beauties; and surprized, on ascending each eminence, with the sudden burst of the most delightful prospects, and the view of opening landscapes, equally fascinating and unexpected. The harvest waving on the ground, promised the most luxuriant abundance; the charming serenity of the air breathed health, and every thing around indicated the sweets of tranquillity, and the exuberance of plenty.

The young people were enchanted. "Perhaps," exclaimed young Clairville, "we have

here found the place where happiness resides, and the fascinating description, and brilliant ideas of the pastoral poets are realised."

"This place," replied his sister, "affords, at least a more flattering prospect than any we have yet visited; and it is possible that what we have missed in our search is fallen in our way through accident; at least, it is expedient to decide the point by accurate investigation. Let us, then, remain here a few weeks."

The elder Clairvilles readily came into this proposal; but in order to avoid the bustle and inconvenience of an inn, they hired a small apartment in a farm house, situated in a hamlet, consisting only of two farms and five or six cottages. The hamlet was situated on an eminence, in the midst of beautiful fields, and surrounded at no great distance with gently swelling hills. The landscape, on every side, was variegated with the most beautiful scenery; the clumps of trees, interspersed among the meadows, and fields of corn, adorned the face of the country, and afforded shelter to numbers of feathered songsters, whose undulating notes seemed to render the air musical, while roses, violets, and jasmines perfumed it with fragrancy. Every thing that was pleasing seemed here to be collected, and every thing that was disagreeable to be excluded; as if nature had formed, and choice selected, this situation for the abode of tranquillity, contentment, and happiness.

The house, of which they occupied a part, was old, very ill contrived, and inconvenient; and although their apartments were by far the best part of the edifice, they were neither commodious nor agreeable.

"I wonder," said Mademoiselle de Clairville to the mistress, "that you have not a better house in so fine a situation."

"No wonder at all," returned the woman: "our landlord is far advanced in years, and he possesses this farm as a life estate. It is, therefore, very unlikely that he should sink his money in building."

"If the gentleman be of an advanced age," said the young lady, "then, I suppose you may console yourself with the hope that his successor will provide you a more comfortable habitation."

"A new landlord," returned the farmer's wife, "may possibly take such a fancy; but I assure you, we look forward to the event with apprehension, rather than hope; for we cannot expect to have a new house without an advancement of rent, in order to pay the interest of the money disbursed; and if you knew how hard we are put to it to pay the present rent, with labourers' wages, and a variety of other demands, and felt the anxiety of mind which I and my husband often experience, from the difficulty of raising money for these purposes, you would easily perceive that we had better be content with our old house, even if it was worse, than to have a new one upon such conditions."

"But," said Mademoiselle de Clairville, "I should think that so comfortable a house, in so charming a situation, might be a considerable addition to your happiness, and fully compensate the paying a little more rent."

"You may think so," said the good woman, "but if you had our cards to play you would be of a different opinion. The situation is agreeable enough, but folks in our circumstances think little about such things: we have concerns of greater importance to employ our thoughts. A good house would certainly be a conveniency; but our first care must be for a livelihood. You fine folks at London don't know how we country folks are put to it to get a living. Such as you may admire a fine situation; but such as us have something else to think of than such trifles. As soon as one payment is made, we must begin to consider how money is to be procured for another. If you were in our circumstances, you would think as we do, that every situation is a fine one where a livelihood is to be gotten."

They had many other conversations on similar subjects; and Mademoiselle de Clairville was soon convinced that they should here meet with the same disappointment as they had done in other places; and, notwithstanding the beauty of the country, and the amenity of the situation, they should not find a realization of their ideas of rural felicity. In effect, the strangers seldom heard, during their residence in this house, any other discourse in the family than scolding the servants for doing too little work, or for doing it ill; the master and mistress frequently asking them, how they thought their wages were to be paid, and if they expected to be kept for doing nothing? and the servants, in their turn, as loudly complaining against the hardness of their labour, and the poorness of their living.

The Clairvilles soon began to enter into familiarity with the cottagers; and, by making trifling presents to them and their children, gained their entire confidence. They made frequent inquiries concerning their circumstances and condition of life, and found them far from being desirable, and the people far from being satisfied.

(To be continued.) p. 192.

BLIOMBERIS.

[*Continued from Page* 68.]

Bliomberis had begun another stanza of his lay, when he saw a knight approaching, who had no sooner perceived our hero, than he leaped from his horse and embraced him. Bliomberis raised his eyes, and recognized Lionel. "I was on my way to the French court," said he, "I have a letter for you from the noble Palamede." "O Heavens!" exclaimed Bliomberis, "you have then seen him." "I have," replied Lionel, "he came to Gannes, thinking to find his beloved Arlinda: in despair at her loss, he defied the king, my father, and the first blow of Palamede's lance put a period to his existence. I wished to avenge my parent, but was vanquished; and Palamede obliged me to promise that I would deliver this letter into your own hands."

Palamede told his son, that he had been for near twenty years kept a prisoner by the king of Aquitaine, and thus excused himself for having so long forsaken his unhappy mother. He assured him of the warmth of his affection, and ordered him to come immediately and join him at the court of king Arthur. Bliomberis, impatient to see his father, took leave of Lionel, reached the first sea-port, and embarked for England.

On arriving in this kingdom, he took the road leading to the capital. As he was traversing an extensive forest, he perceived a knight who was pursuing a lady, who appeared to exert every effort to avoid him, but who was nearly within his grasp. Bliomberis hastened forward, and seizing the reins of his horse, cried, "Stop, whoever thou art? the terrors of this lady informs me that thou art committing an outrage, and wherever I am, the weakest shall find a defender."—"What right hast thou to interfere?" replied the savage Brehus; "I will punish thy temerity, and teach thee not to trouble knights when they are pursuing their fugitives."

With these words Brehus raised his lance to strike Bliomberis; but the latter parried the blow, and with his sword reached his adversary's head, and with the violence of the shock made him bow on the neck of his steed. Furious to have been struck without having even touched our hero, Brehus threw away his lance, took his sabre with both hands, and raising himself in his stirrups, returned on Bliomberis, blaspheming the names of his titular gods. Bliomberis, who only invoked Felicia, perceived that by this action the under part of his enemy's arm was uncovered, and immediately plunged his sword in the part up to the hilt. Brehus gave a horrid scream, fell to the ground, and biting the dust, expired.

A knight, clothed in shining mail, now approached, followed by the lady Bliomberis had so nobly defended; his lance was already couched, and his visor lowered; but seeing Brehus on the ground, he dismounted to thank Bliomberis. "This wretch you have just killed," said the lady, "endeavoured to insult me, because I was alone, my knight having quitted me for a moment to stop before the steps of the great Merlin. As soon as your combat commenced I ran to him, and that little time sufficed to deliver England of a villain unworthy of the appellation of a knight. He who stands beside me is Percival of Wales; I am his beloved Blanchefleur, and we shall never forget what we owe your valour."

Bliomberis, delighted with the acquaintance of so illustrious a knight as Percival, entreated him to become his guide to king Arthur's court. "I shall not easily quit you," said the Cambrian; "you have this day acquired an eternal right over my heart." The two new friends embraced, and then recommenced their route.

During their way, Bliomberis imparted the motive of his journey to Percival, and asked him news of Palamede, but the latter could not satisfy him: he had often heard of this hero, but had never seen him. He resolved to seek him with Bliomberis, who related to him every event of his life. The brave Cambrian increased in affection towards him, swore to be his brother in arms, and promised when the two years were expired to accompany him to France, in order to relate his atchievements to Pharamond. Blandefleur, who possessed much sensibility, and who took great interest in the affairs of all lovers, wished much to become acquainted with Felicia. "Why is she not here?" exclaimed she: "we would travel all four together; and, that the journey might not end too soon, we would walk from one end of the world to the other."

While she was repeating these words, they observed a knight galloping furiously towards them; his armour, covered with dust, no longer glittered in the sun; the sides of his weary horse were torn with the spur, and it appeared to be near falling to the earth with fatigue. The im-

patient knight only spurned it the more. As soon as he reached Bliomberis, he exclaimed, "Hasten to dismount, and exchange your courser for mine; I am in a great hurry, do not make me wait." Bliomberis and Percival smiling, looked at each other. The unknown, irritated, cried in a menacing voice, "If my words are ineffectual, my lance will be more efficacious; prepare to defend yourselves, and one after the other attack me, or both together, if you please."

The proud Percival, sword in hand, would have immediately chastised the rash aggressor, but Bliomberis maintained that the quarrel was his, and quickly couching his lance, galloped up to the unknown, and struck him with such violence, that both knight and horse fell, and rolled for the space of twenty yards in the dust.

Our hero, as humane as brave, rushed to his assistance; but the fall had been so violent, that the unknown remained without motion. Bliomberis took off his helmet to give him air, seated him on the grass, and felt an irresistible interest in his recovery, which he was totally at a loss to define. Blanchefleur seconded him in the attentions he bestowed on the vanquished knight, while the haughty Percival, who had not yet pardoned his temerity, declared he experienced nothing more than he deserved.

Bliomberis, incited by a supernatural power, was using every effort to recover the vanquished knight, when a letter fell from beneath his armour, the superscription of which was, "To Prince Clodion."—Scarcely had he read these words, when, detesting the victory he had gained, he would no more be separated from the brother of his beloved Felicia: he ran and fetched water in his helmet, and, assisted by Blanchefleur and Percival, at last succeeded in recovering the sorrowful Clodion. He, scarcely returned to life, said, in a melancholy voice, "Alas! this unfortunate adventure has made me miss a rendezvous."—"Ah! Prince," exclaimed Bliomberis, "you are supported by one of the most ardent of your friends: I am ready to undertake every thing to repair the injury I have unknowingly done you." Clodion thanked him; and Blanchefleur inquired what could have induced him to attack two knights from whom he had received no provocation?

Clodion turned towards her, and forgot his sufferings to look at her. "I trust my imprudence," said he, "will, in your opinion, admit of some excuse, when you know that love was the cause. Deign to hear my adventures, and my misfortunes will interest you." The handsome Prince then, with some embarrassment, in a weak voice, begun thus his relation:

"About three months ago I happened to be at a tournament, the prize of which I disdained, because my adversaries seemed unworthy to combat with me.

"Seated among the ladies, who were witnessing the joust, I waited till one of the combatants should vanquish all the rest, that I might, with one blow of my lance, rob him of his glory and his laurels; but love also awaited me, and I was conquered without engaging.

"The beauty of a young lady, called Celina, attracted my looks. I approached her—I spoke to her—and her mildness, her grace, and her modest demeanour, completely won my affection. During the three days which the tournament lasted, I was constantly by her side; and I have no hesitation to declare to you, that after the second day, a mutual flame burned in our breasts.

"Celina soon instructed me respecting her birth and expectations:—'I am,' she said, 'the daughter of the late Earl of Suffolk; I had the misfortune to lose both my parents in my infancy; I am the sole heir to all their estates, and the law has given me for guardian a distant cousin, who pretends to make me his wife.—This man, whom I detest, is named Brunor; that is he who is just now entering the lists. He drags me every where with him; and to-morrow I shall be compelled to return with him to his horrid castle, where I am condemned to pass my days with Brunor, and one of his friends called Danain, who never leaves him, and is equally unamiable.'

"This recital gave me the desire of immediately depriving Brunor of the fair Celina. I instantly meditated the project of gaining admittance into the friend's castle. I entered the lists, and defied the ferocious Brunor. Scarcely did I feel the touch of his lance, yet I let myself fall upon my horse, pretended to have fainted from the force of his blow, and slowly recovering the use of my senses:—"Sir knight," said I, in expiring accents, "I need help, I am a stranger, and am not known by any one in this kingdom; your courage assures me of your courtesy, and it is to my conqueror that I address myself, to entreat him to preserve my days." Brunor, proud of his victory, and of the confidence I placed in him, with dignity re-assured me, and consulting his friend Danain, they both agreed that they could not do otherwise than cause me to be carried to the castle, and there await my recovery.

"I was immediately placed on a litter; the warmest attentions were lavished upon me, and Brunor, Danain, and Celina were my escorts to the castle. During our route, my eyes were almost incessantly turned on Celina; and when I perceived those of Brunor on me, I uttered piercing shrieks, complaining of my bruises.

"At last we arrived at the castle, the entrance of which was denied to every one but Brunor and Danain. One of the most celebrated physicians of the country was sent for, he examined me, and declared, after having reflected for a long time, that my sufferings were caused by some internal fracture, and that my illness would be tedious. This was just what I wanted.

"The amiable Celina, who was to be the only cure to my real wounds, came sometimes to see me. Brunor seldom quitted her; but once he did for an instant, and that instant sufficed me to inform her of the stratagem love had inspired me to put in practice. Celina was at first terrified, but I soon re-assured her, and she assisted me to carry on my deception, and recompensed me for all the lies I had told.

"In this manner I spent near three months in Brunor's castle, always pretending to be ill, and always receiving attentions from Celina.—Alas! habitual happiness rendered us imprudent.

"One morning my beloved mistress was in my chamber, when Danain, Brunor's faithful friend, wishing to enquire after the sick man; and as he thought I might be asleep, he entered with great precaution for fear of awaking me. What was his astonishment when he beheld me wide awake on my knees before Celina, where I had much more the appearance of returning thanks than soliciting her love.

"Whether out of friendship for Brunor, or anger at having been deceived, he drew his sword, and rushed upon me. I soon grasped mine, and we began in my apartment a combat, the more dangerous, as neither of us was clothed in mail. But happy lovers are always successful. Danain fell, covered with blood; I granted him life, after having made him swear, on the word of a knight, that he would not reveal our secret to his friend, and should attribute his wound to some other cause. I engaged myself, at the same time, to depart immediately, and kept my word. After having bidden adieu to Celina, I took leave of Brunor, and quitted his castle, with the intention of paying it another visit, as soon as it could be done unattended with danger.

"Several adventures led me to king Camelide's court, where I remained till this morning, when the dwarf belonging to the charming Celina brought me a letter from her, which informed me that Danain, cured of his wound, was to-day to depart from the castle, accompanied by Brunor, on a visit to king Perles, and that their absence left Celina sole mistress of her actions. I immediately set off for the castle; I had thirty leagues to travel, and judging that my horse could not support the fatigue of so long a journey, I swore to attack all the knights I met, and oblige them to change their coursers with me.

"This manner of acting had succeeded:—I was within four leagues of Celina's dwelling, when, to my misfortune, I met you."

Clodion, heaving a deep sigh, here finished his recital. Blanchefleur could scarcely refrain from laughing at his adventures. Percival, who in his youth had been rather volatile, heartily forgave the French Prince; and Bliomberis, in despair at what he had done, said, while embracing him, "If you feel yourself sufficiently well to continue your journey, my horse shall repair the injury I have done you. Promise you will bring it back to me in eight days, to the court of king Arthur, and I will confide him to your care. I have myself experienced what it is to live far from those we love."

Clodion embraced his generous conqueror—asked his name, and swore that before eight days Ebine should be again in the possession of Bliomberis; and then raising himself with difficulty, he would have mounted the spirited courser, but his fall had bruised him so much, that he never could have effected it, without the assistance of Bliomberis. When once mounted, Prince Clodion, notwithstanding his pains, spurred his horse, and the fleet Ebine, carried him swifter than the wind.

Bliomberis, enchanted to have been able to serve the brother of Felicia, raised the horse Clodion had left; and judging that the poor animal might still be able to carry him as far as Cramalot, which was but a very short distance, he mounted him, and begged Blanchefleur and Percival to slacken their pace. They were within a short league of the town, when they met a knight on foot, who had no sooner eyed Bliomberis, than, grasping his sword, he cried, "I have found you then, and this is the state to which you have reduced my unfortunate horse. Dismount, if you have any honour, and we shall see if chance will befriend you as much as it did this morning." It was in vain that Bliomberis endeavoured to explain the mistake; in vain Percival, who knew this warrior, endeavoured to restrain his wrath; nothing could appease him, and Bliomberis commenced on foot the most terrible combat he had ever engaged in.

[*To be continued.*]

P. 187.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESENCE OF MIND OF A RUSSIAN OFFICER.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

Count Tottleben, so celebrated in the history of Germany for his numerous adventures, and the strange vicissitudes of his fortune, was once, while a general in the Russian service, on a journey from Warsaw to Petersburgh. Travelling in a light, open chaise, accompanied by a single servant, he was one day overtaken by a violent storm, in the province of Livonia, twelve or fifteen miles from the town where he had intended to pass the night. The season was cold, the evening advanced, and he was himself wet to the skin; the rain contributed to render it still darker. A decent public house, that stood detached by the road side, very opportunely presented itself to our traveller. He alighted and entered, resolving to set out so much earlier the next morning.

The people of the house seemed very attentive and obliging. He was shewn into a room up stairs that was clean and neat, was promised a good supper; in short, Tottleben had every reason to be satisfied with his accommodations. Accustomed from his youth to a wandering life, he used when in houses of public entertainment to pass very little time in his own apartment, but to associate with the other guests in the public room. There he entered into conversation with every one, whether a foreigner or a native, was affable and even humorous; knew how to give and take a joke; told stories, and listened to those of others; and to this sociable disposition he joined prepossessing manners, and a figure distinguished for manly beauty. He seldom met with a man who was not pleased with his company; and still more rarely with a female who was not, at least secretly, interested in his favour. If she betrayed her sentiments for him, he was ready to take the slightest hint, and to avail himself of every advantage.

On the present occasion he adhered to his usual custom, and passed an hour or more below in the tap-room. He conversed with the host, who had formerly been in the military service, and still more with the hostess, a young, extremely pretty woman, but now pregnant, and near her time. He offered to stand god-father for her first-born; jocosely enquired how her husband behaved; asked how she liked the married state, and predicted that she should have a son, or perhaps two at a birth. In a word he indulged in that kind of chit-chat, which young females of that condition and under such circumstances are fond of hearing, though they may pretend that, from modesty, they cannot raise their eyes from the floor.

During this conversation a young servant-maid was frequently backward and forward in the same room. The Count might possibly not have observed her, but she had taken so much the more notice of him. His handsome figure, the vivacity of his conversation, and even the foreign uniform which he wore, delighted her. She could have listened to him for a day together, but would have been still better pleased to converse with him herself. She was besides acquainted with a subject that very nearly concerned him; of which it was necessary that he should soon be informed, otherwise it would be too late. His ignorance, his security afflicted her; at the same time her interference was likely to cost her dear. Nevertheless, as often as she looked at him, she thought within herself—"No; he is too amiable!" At length she could refrain no longer, and as she passed him, she pulled him by the coat.

Tottleben perceived it. He looked at the girl, and observed her wink to him, but for what reason he knew not. From the usual vanity of his sex, he was not long, however, before he ascribed her conduct to one, which seemed as though it might have admitted a little farther delay. However, the girl was young, and, in his opinion, not a bad figure, there could be no harm in looking at her, and hearing what she had to say. Accordingly when she had gone away again, he withdrew, under the pretext of taking a little fresh air. She was already waiting for him at the door of the kitchen; she beckoned him to go into the yard; followed him in haste and agitation, and thus addressed him:

"For God's sake, Sir, take care of yourself! You are not among such honest people as you imagine. They know that you have money with you. They intend to-night to rob you not only of that but also of your life, and for this purpose they have already sent for assistance. Be upon your guard; but, for God's sake, do not betray me! If they perceive that I have given you warning it will cost me my life, that I am sure of; but yet I could not, for my soul, suffer such a brave officer and so fine a gentleman to be cut off in his sins."

This address, as may easily be conceived, made a deep impression upon Tottleben. A man of ordinary understanding would immediately have sought the means of escape by flight. He, though

he had but a moment for reflection, was instantly convinced, that every attempt to fly in the night, and in a country to which he was an utter stranger, would be attended with equal, if not greater danger than he would incur by quietly remaining where he was. A presence of mind, almost incredible, inspired him on the spot with a very different idea. The maid was about to retire, when he quickly drew her back by the arm. "One word more, my girl," said he, "Does your master live on good terms with his wife?" "Yes, on the best," was the reply. "Does he really and truly love her?"—"Almost as much as his own life."—"Very well! very well! Now you may go. If I escape, your fortune shall be made. If I die, your warning shall die with me. I will never betray you. But mention not a single word even to my servant."

The girl flew to the kitchen, and the Count returned to the public room. Not a look betrayed him; his tone and temper were just the same as before, or at least so they appeared. He even ordered supper to be laid below, and would not sit down to it except on condition that his kind host and hostess should partake of it with him. He concealed his suspicions beneath the disguise of affability.

After supper, he ordered a servant to bring a box that was still in his carriage. "There is not much in it," said he to the host. "It contains perhaps two hundred rubles, that are to carry me to Petersburgh. I should wish good care to be taken of them, and where can they be safer than in your hands? In eight weeks, when I return, I hope it will be heavier with gold than it is now with silver. Then I shall certainly call here again, and if, as I hope my little godson has found his way into the world, I will bring a present of at least fifty rubles for him." This declaration called forth a thousand thanks, and the landlord promised to keep the box all night under his pillow.

He immediately prepared to retire to bed, and the landlord to light him to his chamber. "Do you know, Madam," said Tottleben laughing to his wife, "that this lighting is a job which I had much rather you should perform? But joking aside, I am so superstitious as to fancy that I always sleep as well again when a handsome woman shews me my bed as when a man attends me."—At this proposal the woman looked rather strange, and shewed no great inclination to perform the office. The Count still continuing in his jocular strain, put the candle into her hand, and took hold of her arm, observing, that she ought not to refuse the future god-father of her child such a trifling gratification; that motion after supper, especially in her situation, was wholesome for her; and that she might take the conjugal protector of her honour along with her. By these and other representations of a similar kind he at length prevailed upon her to accompany him, followed by her husband.

They now entered the chamber. Here Tottleben himself, as soon as he alighted from his carriage, had hung up upon a nail, a double-barrelled carbine, full charged with ball, and which he always carried with him when he travelled. He took good care not to cast a single look at it before the proper time. But while the woman was setting the candle on a table by the window, when she was just going to wish him good night, he quickly took down the weapon, and stepped still more hastily between the landlord and his wife. In a voice which suddenly passed from jest and laughter, to the sternest tone of command, he cried, "No, my good woman, we are not going to part from each other so abruptly! On this chair, at this table, you must sit down, and pass the night in my company. Your chastity, I swear to you, shall run no risk in that time from me. But on the slightest noise at the door of the chamber, on the least opposition on your part, or any other, on the least attack upon myself, the three balls with which each of these barrels is charged shall dispatch you and your infant at once. This I swear by my hope of salvation!"

The landlord and his wife would sooner have expected the dissolution of nature than such an address. Both were silent for a minute, and then both did all they could. The woman piteously entreated him to permit her to go, threatened to swoon, to fall in labour on the spot, nay even to die; but in vain. The husband was first at a loss to conceive what all this meant; he then had recourse to entreaties and protestations, assuring the Count that he was safe in his house as though he were in Abraham's bosom. At length, finding that nothing availed, he threatened to repel force with force, and to call his people to his assistance. Tottleben's presence of mind did not forsake him. "I have no doubt, Sir," said he, "that you have plenty of people and assistance at hand; but they are not so near as to rescue your wife from death. If but a dog approaches, if but a hand is raised against me, I will blow her brains out. Besides the two barrels of my carbine, I have here a pair of pocket pistols capable of doing excellent service. I may be overpowered, I confess; but at least three or four men shall accompany me, and that charming woman shall go first to show us the way. This is my mode in many public-houses. If you do not like it, take care and let my horses be fed and put to my carriage very early to morrow morning! Now begone without delay. This chamber is to-night my apartment."

Villains commonly lose their courage when they have true resolution to deal with: such was the case in the present instance. The woman sat down and the man withdrew. In this extraordinary situation the remaining couple passed the night. Tottleben seated at the table, just opposite the hostess, spent the hours in reading and writing as well as he could. At the same time he kept his carbine on his arm, ready to fire, at the least noice that was made in the house. The poor woman immediately trembled like a criminal at the bar, intreating him not to be too hasty, and assuring him that nothing would happen to him. In fact, during the whole night not a foot was heard approaching the chamber of the Count.

At the break of day came Tottleben's servant: before he was half way up stairs he called out to let his master know who it was. He brought the box committed the preceding evening to the custody of the landlord, the Count's breakfast, and a bill with very moderate charges. The Count presented his fair companion the first cup of coffee, and after she had drunk it, he took the rest quite at his ease. When he was informed that every thing was ready for his departure, he thanked the hostess for her good company, and begged her to favour him with it to his carriage. He then conducted her down stairs as politely as though she were the first lady of the court. At the house-door he stopped and inquired for the servant-maid, whom he had seen the day before, and whom he accurately described. She advanced trembling from a corner. All the suspicions of the landlord had already fallen upon her; already had he (as she afterwards related) pomised, with the most tremendous imprecations, to give her a suitable reward, as soon as the stranger was gone. When Tottleben saw her by day-light and looked at her more narrowly, he observed that she was a delicate, elegant girl. He threw her a full purse. "Take that," said he, "and if you are determined to stay here, buy a husband with it. But if you are afraid to remain with your master, come along with me; I will answer for your success, and I swear that I will provide for you as long as you live." The girl sprang into the carriage, leaving behind every thing she possessed, which probably, indeed, was of no great value. The Count took leave of his fair hostess, begging her not to forget that he was to be godfather. He requested a kiss at parting, and then continued his journey.

He was afterwards informed by his servant, who had slept in the public room, that, about midnight, three robust fellows softly entered the house, went into another room, and after a long conversation with the landlord, sneaked away again. The girl, who had been almost a year in the house related, that during this time, two strangers who had put up there had disappeared she knew not how.

At the next town the Count acquainted the magistrates with the whole affair. Soldiers were immediately dispatched, but they could not, or would not, find either the host or hostess. At the same place Tottleben provided his female deliverer with more decent apparel; she continued his companion, and perhaps something more, to Petersburgh, in which city she lived with him several years. At length, when the seven years' war called him into the field, he married her, and settled upon her a considerable sum.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY.

BY MR. DAVY.

At the Royal Institution, a course of Lectures on the above important subject, has recently been delivered by Mr. Davy. The first being an introduction to the course, nothing particularly useful can be extracted from it. The second treats on the organization of plants. We give the following brief sketch of the whole:—

Plants exhibiting life only in their powers of assimilation and reproduction, display a very simple organization. A system of tubes for absorbing nourishment from the soil, and a system of cellular membranes, for the exposure of their fluids to the influence of the atmosphere, constitute, under different modifications, all their interior organs. The sap rising from the minute fibrils of the roots through the vessels of the sap wood of alburnum, is chemically altered in the leaves; much of its aqueous parts evaporated, and its inflammable products increased: it appears to descend through the vascular system of the bark, and the new parts are produced between the bark and the alburnum.

In the great anatomical division of the organs of plants, the epidermis seems to act as a defence to the living parts. The heartwood serves as the support and mould on which the new productions are formed; and the pith, scarcely visible except in annual shoots or young trees, is probably useful as a reservoir of moisture, to supply the first wants of the rising plant. The leaves absorb gaseous matter and moisture by their lower surfaces, whilst their upper surfaces perform the functions of transpirations. The flowers are the reproductive parts, the pistils the bases of the seed, the anthers the agents of impregnation.

The Professor stated, that, though much had been discovered on the subject of the anatomy of plants by Grew, Malpighi, Ray, Linnæus, Mirbel, and Knight, yet still much more remained obscure and unknown. He recommended this department of enquiry as affording ample sources of discovery, and as capable of being prosecuted with facility; requiring no apparatus but the microscope, no extensive preliminary knowledge, but merely an eye to observe, and a hand to delineate. He recommended it generally to all persons possessing leisure and a taste for philosophical research. He recommended it particularly to the female part of his audience, as fitted to their habits and pursuits, capable of affording much rational amusement, and as an elegant and refined study.

In the third Lecture, the subject was the sap of plants. The difference between the sap in the alburnum, or sap wood, and in the bark, was considered. Mucilaginous and saccharine matter abounds in the sap of the alburnum of most trees and shrubs, and colouring and astringent matters are found in most cases in the sap of the bark. In large trees the sap contains much less solid matter than in shrubs. In the sugar cane the proportion of saccharine and mucilaginous matter to the water is about as one to five; in the sugar-maple it is about one to forty of the whole. In the beech, according to M. Vauquelin, it is about one to forty two; and in the elm, one to eighty-eight.

Mr. Davy mentioned the relation of the different kinds of sap in trees to the subject of engrafting. Grafts from fruit trees containing a saccharine sap, will not grow on trees the sap of which is in the slightest degree astringent. In this part of the enquiry, Mr. Knight's observations upon the decay of grafts taken from old trees were made a topic of discussion; and it appeared probable from the facts, that the graft partakes of the disposition of old age and decay of the parent tree; and that though it does not die at the same time by any *Talicotian* sympathy, yet it cannot by any means be made healthy and vigorous. All the favourite apples of the last century are gradually deteriorating. The golden pippin has not a fourth of the size described by the old writers on gardening; and our hopes for new and excellent varieties must rest upon enlightened experiments on seedlings.

In the fourth Lecture the peculiar fluids, or, as they have been called by some physiologists, the secreted fluids of plants, were considered.

The vessels in which they are contained seemed to be cylindrical, and of the largest size belonging to the vegetable system, and distributed through the alburnum as well as the bark.

The resinous, oily, and aromatic matters found in plants, are all probably contained in those vessels.

Mr. Davy pointed out some of the obvious uses of the secreted fluids, both for nourishing and conserving the parts. In seeds, the oily constitutent, which preserves them through the winter, becomes in the spring a part of the food of the plume and radicle. The aroma belonging to flowers, seems intended to preserve the essential and reproductive parts from attacks of insects, to which the volatile oils appear to be peculiarly offensive, and even destructive. Multitudes of aphides are often seen upon the calyx of the rose, but they never dare to attack the petals, and there are many analogous instances.

The fifth Lecture was principally devoted to the examination of the causes which influence the motion of the sap. The sap rises through the tubes of the alburnum, is modified in the caves, and seems to descend in the bark. Mr. Davy is inclined to refer this motion to physical causes, chiefly to capillary attraction, to expansions and contractions of the vessels from changes of temperature, and to the great evaporation from the leaves.

He seemed to doubt of the presence of irritable contractile power in the fibres of vegetables, and shewed that the other agents were adequate to the effect. He decided against the idea of any circulation in the vegetable system, similar to that occurring in the animal system, in which the heart and arteries are invariably active. And he detailed several instances of the inversion of the functions of the vessels, by merely changing the mode of application of external powers.

In the sixth Lecture, water, soils, and the atmosphere were considered, as far as they are connected with the nourishment of plants. Water and the matters in the soil which have once been organized, constitute the great part of their food received by the roots. Mr. Davy detailed the experiments of J. de Saussure, which prove that the earths found in the ashes of plants, is of the same kind as the earths of the soil in which they grow. He mentioned an original experiment, which seemed to shew that corn would not grow vigorously if wholly deprived of siliceous earth,

which, in the state of nature, constitutes its epidermis, and it has no power of forming this sub stance, which there is good reason for supposing elementary. Mr. Davy gave an account of the experiments which shew that carbonic acid is absorbed and decomposed by plants in the solar light, and oxygen evolved. He seemed inclined to doubt whether they ever evolved carbonic acid in a state of health; and he mentioned some facts, which seemed to shew, that the carbonic acid which usually appears when plants are confined in darkness in close vessels, is really owing to the decay of some of their dead parts. The epidermis, the heartwood, or a single yellow spot in the leaf, would be fully adequate to such an effect.

The seventh Lecture was principally devoted to the consideration of the causes of germination and the circumstances that affect the healths of plants. Mr. Davy stated that seeds were incapable of germinating, unless supplied with heat, moisture, and air, and that oxygen is always absorbed in this process, and carbonic acid evolved. He mentioned Mr. Knight's experiments on the ascent of the stalk, and descent of the radicle, which seem to shew that gravitation is the principal cause of both these effects. The chief diseases of the more perfect plants, he stated, are produced either by parasitical vegetables, or by insects. Wet seasons conduce most to the propagation of mildew or blight; and dry weather to the increase of the turnip fly, and other analogous destructive insect tribes.

The eighth, and concluding Lecture of the course was upon the mode of the dissemination of seeds, and upon the progress of vegetation, in a state of nature. Rocks, according to Mr. Davy, by their decomposition, form a soil; different species in very different periods: lichens and mosses are their first productions, and lastly a mould is formed capable of supporting grasses. Peat, he considered, as chiefly arising from the destruction of forests, exposed by the early cultivators of different countries, by thinning their outskirts.—Mr. Davy made some general observations on the nature of different soils, and recommended new inquiries on this subject as peculiarly important to the agriculture of the country.

ON HERALDRY.

[*Continued from Page* 93.]

The famous Agrippa, in his treatise on the vanity of the sciences, has collected many instances of these marks of distinction; the Romans bore the eagle; the Phrygians, a hog; the Thracians, a skeleton, or the figure of death; the Goths, a bear; the Alans, that invaded Spain, a cat; the old Franks, a Lion; and the antient Saxons, a horse, which is still borne in the arms of his Britannick Majesty; but these marks were promiscuously taken for hieroglyphics, symbols, emblems, and personal devices, like the salamander of Francis I. of France, and were not arms properly so called. Thus Pasquier tells us in his *Recherches de la France*, or inquiries into the antiquities of France, lib. ii. p. 84. that before Marius, the eagle was not the constant ensign of the Roman Generals, who, in their standards bore sometimes a wolf, sometimes a leopard, or an eagle, according to the fancy of the chief commander. The like variety is observed in the arms of the King of France, and Great Britain, as we shall mention hereafter, but the most learned authors agree, that the hereditary arms of families, as well as their double names, or surnames, began no sooner than the crusades, that is about the beginning of the tenth century; and their opinions who trace them up higher is confuted by the best and most learned French authors, Du Chesne, La Laboreur, Chifflet, Fauchet, and Father Menestrier; according to Cambden, the use of family arms began among the English, as well as French, just after the crusades, yet, if we may rely on the learned Sir Henry Spelman, hereditary bearings were not generally established until the time of Henry III. of England; for the last Earls of Chester, the two Quincies, Earls of Winchester, and the two Lacies, Earls of Lincoln, still varied the son from the father. As for the Scots and Welch, they pretend to excel the English and French in ancient descents, and regular armory; but according to Father Menestrier, whose authority is esteemed of great weight in this matter, Henry the Falconer, who was raised to the Imperial throne of the West in 920, by regulating the tournaments in Germany, gave occasion to the establishment of family arms, or marks of honour, which undeniably are more antient, and better observed among the Germans, than in any other nation. Moreover, according to Father Menestrier's opinion, with tournaments first came up coats of arms, which were a sort of livery, made up of several lists, fillets, or narrow pieces of stuff of divers colours, from whence came the fess, the bend, the pale, the cheveron, the lozenge, &c.

which were the original of family arms; for they who never had been at tournaments, had not such marks of distinction, although they were gentlemen. They who inlisted themselves in the crusades, for the conquest of the Holy Land, took up also armorial ensigns, particularly crosses of divers colours, for distinction sake; before that time, that is, before the tenth or eleventh century, nothing is to be seen on the more antient tombs but crosses and Gothic inscriptions, with the effigies of the person; the tombstone of Pope Clement the Fourth, who died in the year 1628, is the first on which a coat of arms is found; nor are arms to be seen on seals or coins older than the tenth or eleventh century. The first French coin with arms is a golden denier of King Philip de Valois, on which he is represented holding with his left hand a scutcheon semée of *fleurs de lis.* This piece of gold, coined in 1366, was called in French *ecce*, by reason of its bearing the escutcheon of the arms of France. There are, indeed, more antient figures to be seen, either in standards, or medals, but neither Princes nor cities, made use of them, as formal or regular bearings; and no author of note mentions the heraldic science above those ages: to all this may be added, that it is very probable, this art, like most human inventions, was insensibly introduced and established, and that having remained in a rude and unsettled state for many ages, it was at last perfected and fixed, by the crusades and tournaments.

As to the name of blazonry, authors differ no less about it than about the origin of the art itself; some, by a metathesis, derive it from the Hebrew *sobal*, which in Latin signifies, *tulit, portavit*, "he has borne;" others with greater consonance, but as little reason, deduce it from the Greek BLASTEIN, which in Aristosle signifies in Latin, *distorquere*, and in English, to wrest, distort, to set awry; and, taken more extensively, to *extravagate*, or *rave*; because, say they, in antient times, they who were not initiated into heraldic mysteries, looked upon most of the figures and ornaments of the shields of Cavaliers, as extravagancies. Menage, whose etymologies are forcibly dragged in, fetches the word, blazon, from the Latin *latio*, a bearing, by putting before it a *b*, because blazon denotes, "what's borne on a shield." Borell, hits it a little better, in deriving it from two Latin words, viz. *laus*, praise, and *sonare*, to resound; and, by putting a *b* before the entire word, out of that odd composition he forms the barbarous verb, *blausonare*, from whence, at last, he draws the substantive, blauson, or blazon. Others, with far greater plausibility, deduce it from the English, to blaze, which in a proper sense, signifies to flash, to burn with, or cast a great flame, and in a figurative, and active signification, to set forth, to publish, to proclaim; but the most general, as well as the most rational opinion is, that both the word blazon, and the English, to blaze, comes from the German *blafen*, that is, to sound a horn, or a trumpet; because the knights and nobles who came to enter the lists at tournaments, caused those instruments to be sounded, to proclaim their arrival; whereupon the Heralds sounded also their trumpets, and then blazoned the coats of arms of the tilters; that is, displayed and described them aloud, and sometimes expatiated on the praises of the bearers. Hence, probably, it is that the word, to blazon, formerly signified, to display or set forth a man's ill or good qualities, or to give a character of him: but now use restrains it to an ill sense; for by blazoning a man, we only mean to expose him, to display him in his proper colours, to speak ill of him, &c.; but here it is to be observed, that some pretend, that in the last signification, the verb, to blazon, is more antient than the heraldic rules, or blazonry itself; and, to support their opinion, they alledge, that when the knights of the shield received their order, they were enjoined, *not to suffer ladies to be blazoned*; that is, slandered or exposed, in their hearing.

[*To be continued.*]

ON PNEUMATICS.

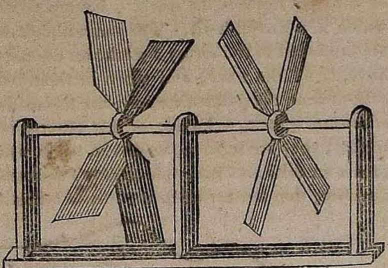
[*Concluded from Page* 97]

ON THE RESISTANCE OF AIR AS A MEDIUM.

MEDIUM denotes that space, or region, through which a body passes in its motion towards any point. The air is a resisting medium, and the resistance it opposes to a body moving is proportioned to the surface which that body offers.

If in a room a feather and a guinea be dropped from the hand at the same instant, the guinea will reach the floor immediately, while the feather descends gently, and with an indirect motion, on account of the resistance it meets with from the air contained in the room. Were they dropped from the hand in vacuo, the time

of descent would be the same in both; for when a feather and a guinea are dropped together from the top of an exhausted receiver, both fall on the pump plate at the same moment.



The two mills A and B have each an equal number of sails, whose weight, length, and breadth are in each precisely equal. The one has its sails fixed edge ways, so as to cut the air with only a thin edge: the other offers the whole breadth of its vanes to the air. On giving the sails of both an equal impulse, they will begin to turn round with equal velocity; but the one which presents the whole surface of its vanes soon begins to move slower, and at length stops, while the other still continues in motion. The reason is obvious; this last, offering no greater surface to the air than the edge of the sails, finds less resistance, and therefore obeys the impulse it had received for a longer time.

An arrow which offers its point to the air flies a considerable way, but an arrow whose side is opposed to the current of air falls immediately.

If a ball, and a quantity of shot equal to it in weight, be discharged from two guns at the same instant, and with the same velocity, the former will be sent to a much greater distance than the latter, for the sum of the surfaces of the shot greatly exceed the surface of the ball.

Winged animals are incapable of flight in vacuo; for as they make use of the resistance of the air to facilitate their motions (in the same way as fishes make use of the water by striking it with their tails), when no such resistance offers, their wings are useless. If a butterfly be suspended from the middle of a receiver by a thread fastened to its horns, it will fly about with apparent ease so long as the receiver remains filled with air, but no sooner is the air extracted from it than the butterfly hangs perpendicularly, incapable of raising itself by any efforts that it makes.

Smoke, being a lighter fluid than air, generally ascends; but in moist and hazy weather it is seen to fall, for then the air possesses less density, therefore can make less resistance to the tendency which smoke, in common with every other body, has to gravitate towards the earth.

ON SOUND.

When a sonorous body is struck, a tremulous motion is communicated to all its parts, and by their vibration to the air, which carries the impression forward to the ear. Hence three things are necessary to the production of sound,—a sonorous body to give the impression, a medium to convey it, and an ear to receive it.

That a vibratory motion is produced in the parts of a sonorous body when it is struck, may be found by laying the hand on a bell, or a pair of tongs, when either have received a stroke. In both cases a tremulous motion will be felt in the parts beneath the hand. As long as this vibration continues, a correspondent motion is produced in the air, which motion is well illustrated by the circles caused in water on throwing any substance into it; as these circles extend themselves in every direction, so do the parts of the air that surround a sonorous body when this last receives a stroke; each part communicates the motion impressed upon it to the portion of air next it, and thus are generated a succession of waves that float the sound to the ear, in whatever direction it may be placed.

Sound, whether it be loud or feeble, moves always with the same velocity by night or by day, in hot weather or cold, except that its velocity is a little impeded or accelerated by strong currents of air; but the distance to which sound is carried depends on the force of the impression made on the air. Sound is not instantaneous but progressive; it travels at the rate of thirteen miles in a minute, or 1142 feet in a second. Every body knows that the flash of a gun is seen before the report is heard, and that lightning sometimes precedes the thunder several seconds; the flash and the report are nevertheless generated at the same instant; but the former reaches us with the velocity with which light travels, that is, at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second of time, whereas the latter travels at the rate of only 1142 feet in the same period. Availing ourselves of this knowledge, we may at any time ascertain our distance from the seat of a storm, by counting on a stop-watch the number of seconds that elapse between the flash of lightning and the thunder. Suppose, for example, the latter be heard five seconds after seeing the former, then the report has travelled over five times 1142 feet, or something more than a mile. As a stop-watch is not always to be had, the calculation may be made by means of the pulse at the wrist; in every healthy person this commonly beats about seventy-five times in a minute

and in one beat of the pulse of such a person sound passes over the sixth part of a mile, consequently in six pulsations it will pass over a mile.

Air, though the common conductor of sound, is not the only one; water conveys it to the ear much more strongly. The unassisted human voice has been heard over water to the distance of ten or twelve miles; a person has been heard to read equally as distinctly at the distance of 140 feet on water as he could be heard on land at the distance of 76 feet. The Romans were so well acquainted with the property of water to encrease the force of sound, that they had a canal of water carried under one of their theatres which was too large to admit of the voices of the performers being heard in the remoter parts of the building. It appears from various experiments that, in general, the denser the medium is, the more intense is the sound; flannel, however, is an excellent conductor of sound; put a narrow slip of it round the middle of a poker, then roll the ends of the flannel round the first fingers of each hand, and put these fingers in the ears; strike the poker against the fender, or any hard substance, and a sound will be produced which equals in loudness that generated by the largest church bells; at the same time the poker, if the hand be applied to it, will be found to make a number of sensible vibrations.

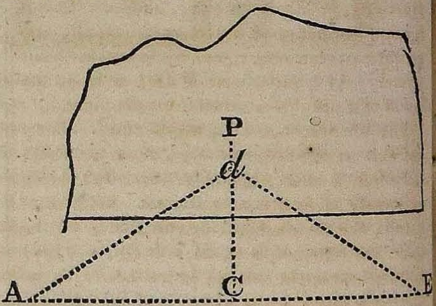
That wood is a conductor of sound the variety of musical instruments made of it fully evinces; the slightest scratch with a pin, at one end of a long piece of timber, will be distinctly heard by an ear applied to the other.

In music, the tone of a sound depends on the time that a string vibrates; some strings have long vibrations, and produce deep or grave tones: hence the different notes which a violin or harp are capable of producing. If a long musical string be divided into two equal parts by a bridge, each half will produce a no e eight times higher than that which issued from the string before; hence it appears that the vibrations which are most rapid produce the sharpest sounds.

A sort of sympathy exists between bodies in a state to produce accordant sounds. If strings in unison are placed near each other, both will sound when one is struck; even if the distance between them be two or three feet the same thing will occur; when the strings are not in unison, no such effect takes place. A wet finger pressed round the edge of a drinking-glass, will produce its key; if the glass be struck so as to produce its pitch, and an unison to that pitch be strongly excited on a violincello, the glass will be set in motion, and if near the edge of the table, will be liable to be shaken off.

OF THE ECHO.

Echoes are caused by the reflection of those undulations in the air by which sounds are propagated. When a pebble is thrown into a pool, the water which receives its impression recedes on all sides towards the margin, having reached which it is driven back. The same undulations are produced in the air by a stroke on a sonorous body, or by the voice, and when in their retrocession from the point of impulse the undulations encounter a rock, a house, or any other similar surface, they are reflected or driven back, which causes an echo; to hear this echo it is necessary, however, that the ear be in the line of reflection.



Suppose C to be the generating point of sound, or the point where motion is given to the air by the voice, or a stroke, or any sonorous body, the air will immediately recede in a straight line towards the rock P, which will reflect it back again by the same line, and produce, to a person standing at C, an echo of the original sound. But if the generating point of sound were at A, the undulations would reach the rock by the oblique line A *d*, and be reflected by the oblique line *d* E, so that no echo would be heard by an ear at A or at C, while a person standing at E would hear one because he is in the line of reflection.

It sometimes happens that an echo is heard by a person whom the direct sound did not reach. If between A and E there were a hill, this would be the case with a person standing at E when sound was generated at A; for though the hill would prevent the undulations in the air reaching him in their retrocession from A, and consequently his hearing the direct sound, yet when reflected by the rock they would be carried to his ear, and he would hear the echo. An echo, however, supposes that there is a distance of seventy or eighty feet between the generating point of sound and the reflecting surface; if the space be less no echo can be produced.

There are echoes which reflect the sound several times; this happens when there are a number of walls, rocks, &c. whence the sound is reflected from one to another; but for a person to

hear these repeated echoes, he must be so situated as to intercept the undulations each time they are reflected. At Roseneath, near Glasgow, there is an echo that repeats three times a tune played with a trumpet. Near Rome there was one that repeated five times any thing which was said. At Brussels there is an echo which answers fifteen times. Between Coblentz and Bingen there is one which differs from most others; in common echoes the repetition is not heard till some time after the words have been uttered, in this the person who speaks is scarcely heard, but the repetition is clear, and surprisingly varied; the echo in some cases appears to be approaching, in others receding, and sometimes it is heard distinctly, at others scarcely at all; one person hears but one voice, while another hears several. At a place near Milan, in Italy, the sound of a pistol is returned thirty-six times.

The phenomenon of a whisper made against the wall on one side of the gallery at St. Paul's cathedral, is thus explained:—the wall being extremely smooth is an excellent conductor of sound, the undulations made in the air by the voice are reflected both ways by the wall, and meet at the opposite side; to the hearer, therefore, the effect is the same as if his ear was close to the mouth of the speaker.

OF THE BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER.

The barometer is an instrument in such general use that a description of it is unnecessary; the upper part of the tube is a vacuum, thus formed:—the tube, which is closed at one end prior to its being fixed to the frame, is completely filled with mercury or quicksilver; every particle of air is, of course, expelled from it; a finger being applied to the open end of the tube, to prevent the mercury from running out, it is then inverted and plunged into a cup containing mercury; that in the tube then subsides three or four inches, leaving a space above it which is a perfect vacuum. The tube, and the cup in which it is immersed, are then attached to the graduated frame of the barometer; and as there is no pressure of air on the upper surface of the column of mercury within the tube, the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of that contained in the cup forms a counterpoise to the included column, and keeps it from running out. When, however, the atmosphere is less dense than usual, the column sinks a little, the air having somewhat less weight; when the atmosphere is more dense, the pressure upon the mercury in the cup being greater, that in the tube rises. These variations are included within about three inches; in our climate the least elevation of the mercury is twenty-eight inches, and its greatest thirty-one.

Since the suspension of the mercury in the barometer is occasioned by the pressure of the atmosphere, and since the pressure decreases from the earth upwards, it follows that the column of mercury ought to be shorter at the top of a high mountain than at its base. This is actually the case; in every hundred feet of perpendicular ascent the mercury sinks about the tenth of an inch, consequently at the height of a thousand feet it will descend a whole inch; and thus, by taking a barometer to the top of a mountain, or any other considerable eminence, we may ascertain its perpendicular elevation.

The thermometer is used for marking with precision the changes which take place in the temperature of the atmosphere. Like the barometer, it consists of a tube closed at the top, or, in technical language, hermetically sealed, and fixed to a graduated frame. It is constructed on this principle, that fluids of every description, and mercury in particular, expand by heat, and are contracted by cold. If a thermometer be plunged into boiling water it will rise to 212°; this is called the boiling point. If it be plunged into melting ice, it will fall to 32°; this is termed the freezing point. The utmost extent of the mercurial thermometer, both ways, are the points at which quicksilver boils and freezes; it boils at a degree of heat equal to 600°, and freezes when it is reduced as low as 39° or 40° below 0, consequently the whole extent of the mercurial thermometer is 640 degrees.

OF the HYGROMETER, AND THE RAIN-GAUGE.

The hygrometer is used for ascertaining the different degrees of humidity in the atmosphere. The most simple instrument for this purpose, and one sufficiently accurate for common observation, may be made by suspending from a wall a weight fastened to a piece of twisted catgut; in damp weather the catgut will contract, in dry weather it will extend, and the difference, or variation, may be shewn by fixing a scale of equal parts on the wall near the weight, and a small index to the catgut.

A piece of spunge makes a very good thermometer, particularly when, after having been freed from all impurities by being washed, it is dipped into water in which sal ammoniac, or any other salt, has been dissolved; for, when the spunge is dried, the saline particles imbibe the moisture, and the sponge will every day vary in weight according to the different degrees of moisture in the atmosphere.

The rain-gauge shews the height to which rain

would rise on the place where this instrument is fixed, provided there were no evaporation, and that none of the rain were absorbed by the earth. The simplest rain-gauge consists of a funnel twelve inches in diameter, and a tube connected with it, of which the diameter is four inches; within the funnel and the tube there is an index which rises by the descent of rain, and floats. Now when this instrument is fixed where it finds no shelter from the winds, the fall of rain can be readily estimated, for when the index rises an inch, the depth of rain that has fallen in the area of the funnel is one-ninth of an inch; consequently when the index rises nine inches, it will show that the depth of rain fallen is one inch.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[*Continued from Page* 36.]

LETTER XIX.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

The common St. John's wort, or *hipericum perforatum*, is almost the only specimen our country offers of the polyadelphia, that is to say, stamina divided into several branches. The order of this class is the polyandria, on account of its stamina being extremely numerous.

The stem of the common St. John's wort, though round, is ligneous, and little ridges are felt when pressed by the fingers.

It is remarkable that these ridges are always found under two opposite branches that spring from the same stem. As the branches form a cross, the ridge from space to space changes its situation, so as to be always under them at each interval.

The leaves of the hipericum are extremely porous, which has given it the surname of perforatum, or porous plant. Its leaves are sessile, short, round, and narrow, without any notches; they are of a lively green; opposite, and from each of their arm-pits escapes a little peduncle, which carries, in the same manner as the branch, six very small and remarkably delicate leaves.

This structure must have informed you, my friend, that with very small leaves the hipericum takes up a great deal of room.

Its branches, from the top of which spring forth the flowers, with the principal stem higher than the rest, has the appearance of a column surrounded by numerous flower pots.

Its flowers, as well as its stamina and anthers, are yellow, and are disposed in the shape of a corymb. The five petals, rolled into a cone, form the bud, open, flatten, and let out the ends of the stamina. The calyx has five deep divisions, each of which supports one of the petals.

I have distinguished three yellow pistils amidst the crowd of anthers, but fixed to a green ovary that rises with them like a pedestal. Oil is made of the hipericum.

The knowledge of the virtues of simples is not the less interesting part of the study; and it is no true study of them not to explore all their mysteries.

My heart feels at this moment a joy, a satisfaction equal to that which spring would produce; it is caused by the appearance of nature beneath a serene sky, it is a moment when the soul delights to expand, and increases in vigour and sensibility. It has the same effect as the dew upon plants, it unfolds them, and renews their existence.

My dear friend, breathe the pure air of the country as much as you can; the society of the Naiades and nymphs of the woodsis not so dull as is imagined; you are worthy of listening to their voices.

LETTER XX.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

Let us occupy ourselves with our favourite flowers, the recollection of which, during our separation, unites our minds.

I will to-day take the cock's comb, or *rhinantus cristagalli*. This little plant is found in abundance both in our grounds and meadows; the husbandman is a great enemy to it; it spreads excessively, and its hard and ligneous stem mixes with the pasture, and does not nourish the cattle, on the contrary, it gives thin hay a bad taste.

This little flower does not rise very high; its leaves are rather pointed, notched, and of a light green; they are single and opposite.

The flowers, supported on a very short petiole, are tightened towards the stem, and are placed regularly two of a breadth; towards the summit they are one above the other singly, and the stem is progressively narrower, because the upper flowers open last.

Each calyx is supported by a floral leaf of a light green, rather thin, notched, and resembling the letter V, the upper part of which supports the stem.

The calyx of the cristagalli is a species of bag composed of two concave pieces joined together except at the top; each of these pieces are tightened at their ends, and slit through the middle; it is this that gives four divisions to the calyx.—This species of little bladder, supported on a short petiole, is rather swelled, and of a texture similar to the silk-worm's egg when the silk is taken from it; it is of a light green. On each of these divisions are found three principal veins, which have the appearance of little strings and run from the top to the petiole; these veins are so ramified in every way, that the texture of the calyx seems of the same hue as the floral leaves. It is clothed with very fine imperceptible down.

The little comb springs from the opening formed by the four divisions; it is a yellow labiate, but the under part is of a greenish white; the upper lip is raised like a helmet, on each side of which advance two little purple eye-flaps; the pistil, whose top is purple, and its imperceptible stigma of a greenish hue, escapes between the two eye-flaps, and completes the projection of the helmet.

The lower lip, straight, and pointed in the middle, in approaching the other mouth conceals its immense size; two little divisions appear on each side, and form at their base a small plait; these shade the two openings as if by a piece of tapestry spotted with purple.

It is delightful to observe all these little minutiæ.

The anthers of the four stamina are each visibly separated, and edged with a white dust. I can only compare them to the particles which are sometimes seen in flour. The ovary of the pistil becomes a thick and solid envelope, and finishes by fulfilling the office of the calyx; this characteristic makes me range my didynamian plant in the angyospermia order.

I should add, that our husbandmen look on the rhinantus in the fields as an earthly usurper; they say it burns the herbs and plants which surround it, and monopolizes the heat of the sun.

Let us now examine a more amiable object,—the coronilla, *coronilla varia*, a very pretty little papilionacea.

We know that this kind of flower is generally composed of three parts; the standard, which serves as a mantle, tightened in the middle, raises up its two sides; it is rose-coloured. The wings, which meet like a bivalve shell, are white, tinged with pink. Lastly, the carina, which is equally white. As the season advances its extremity becomes darker, or rather seems so, in leaving the wings.

The pretended calyx that supports this *chef-d'œuvre*, has four little points rather than four divisions; the peduncle is short and reddish.

This charming flower rises in the shape of two little canopies, one above the other; at the extremity of the fluted branch, straight, thin, plain, rather long, and almost always in an horizontal direction, you may reckon fifteen, and sometimes more, of these flowers, attached by their delicate petiole, in circular forms, to the same point; they are placed so as to make the standard form the upper part.

The stem of the coronilla is thin and green, it is however square and fluted; opposite each branch of flowers a little one of leaves springs forth. One foliole terminates the branch on which all the other folioles are opposed; each of them are very green, and extremely delicate.

Almost all these little branches that bear flowers shoot out from the same side of the stem; and the round bunches they form, disposed thus by stages, have the appearance of being raised on two parallel vertical lines, very close to each other; the flowers at the top are placed at a much greater distance. The coronilla is extremely pretty. This charming production contains two branches of thin stamina, with little yellow anthers round the pistil. These stamina consist of about ten, and gives us a sample of the diadelphia decandria.

This little colony is well enveloped in a triple tent, and the ovary lengthened by the pistil becomes, in the shape of a head of garlic, the depot of the seeds; this head becomes very long, and rises in the shape of a curved line.

The coronilla is not a creeping plant, but it willingly attaches itself to any object which raises it, and lends it strength and grace. It likes a support, but does not absolutely need one.

[*To be continued.*]

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

[*Continued from Page* 94.]

THE beauties of landscape, widely different from those of either portrait or history, are yet more obvious and engaging to the generality of spectators; few are insensible to the effect of a romantic scene agreeably represented, while the million are not struck with that confined and delicate expression of sentiment, emotion, or passion, which constitutes the superior excellency of the epic picture. Every one intuitively perceives the emotions and intentions of the soul when they agitate the countenance, but, in general, without attending to the signs which denote the passions sufficiently to know when they are justly depicted on the canvas. As a proof of this we shall here mention a most interesting anecdote of Mr. Garrick; it places in a strong point of view his intimate acquaintance with the most secret workings of the human heart, and his complete command of the external signs by which the internal emotions and passions of the soul are expressed. Mr. West's justly admired picture, the Death of General Wolfe, at once raised the painter to a summit of reputation unattained before, and, affording an ample subject for the talents of Woollett, laid that foundation of an English school of engraving which brought the art to its present perfection in this country.

This affecting picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mr. Garrick went there one morning early, that he might review the Exhibition uninterrupted by the crowd which constantly attended at the fashionable hours. A considerable party was in the room, drawn there at that hour by the same motive; of this number was a young lady, whose personal beauty appeared not her only accomplishment. The remarks she made on many of the pictures shewed a delicate taste, and considerable knowledge of the arts; they were attended to with pleasure by her friends, and Mr. Garrick, then unknown to most of the company, paid some handsome compliments to her judgment. The Death of Wolfe drew the highest encomiums from every spectator; the young lady was particular in her commendation, but thought the expression not absolutely perfect, there was a something wanting in the General's countenance which she could not describe, there was in that countenance a languor too happily expressed. The company were dissatisfied with this opinion, and her friends appeared concerned on her account. Garrick who had listened attentively, and viewed the picture with acute penetration, begged leave to offer something in support of the lady's opinion, which he hoped would convince the company was not altogether erroneous: the lady had remarked that there was something wanting in the General's countenance; of that something he would endeavour to supply an idea. He then placed himself in the attitude so judiciously chosen by the painter, supported by two gentlemen of the company, and displayed in his own face the exact countenance depicted by the artist. He then assumed the animated expression of that transient rapture which history records the dying hero felt at the joyful words—"they run"—"who runs"—"the French."—He maintained the representation a sufficient length of time for every one present to compare and feel the astonishing effect of his inimitable performance. A burst of applause followed, which he politely declared was justly due to the discernment of the lady, who had suggested perhaps the only improvement that masterly work was susceptible.

A faithful representation of natural objects is universally obvious, and never fails to interest and delight, whenever striking and agreeable subjects are selected. Rural scenes at once interesting and delightful, present themselves in most extensive variety. Unlimited is the grand theatre of nature—boundless the scope for imitation—inexhaustible the stores of rich perfection she profusely displays. Behold the source which has afforded, throughout ages past, satisfaction the most pure and unfailing to those who happily contemplated, admired, and imitated her productions; the fountain which will supply the most copious and delicate draughts of pleasure to every ingenious mind till time shall be no more.

But to relish the pleasure which a picturesque view of nature's works can infinitely bestow, the eye must be educated; the untaught sight sees not every beauty unfolded before us; unless the passions are set in motion, attention is not fixed. Attention is not only necessary to the improvement of our perspective, but is essential to the operation of all our intellectual faculties. Let it however be remembered, that the human mind delights in the exercise of its own powers; perpetually active the mind must be, and what-

ever it can exercise the faculties of thought upon, affords a most sensible gratification.

Hence, when the mind has early been drawn towards, and has fixed itself in the contemplation or pursuit of any object, the satisfaction felt, if uninfluenced by prior direction of its powers, will stimulate the utmost exertion; it will grasp with eagerness whatever tends to gratify its boundless desires.

When innocent and laudable pursuits thus engage the attention, the result is pleasure, unalloyed, unembittered; and such are the pursuits to which the field of nature invites us. The youthful mind cannot be too early induced to take delight in considering and examining her beauties, which are capable of producing the most rational entertainment, and which are useful and important, as they affect the convenience, comfort, or happiness of mankind.

[*To be continued.*]

ON MUSIC.

ON THOROUGH-BASS.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. I. P. 602.)

IN the above place it has been shewn how important the knowledge of thorough-bass is, not only for the purpose of learning composition, but also to every person who wishes to become a proficient in playing; and how all the former difficulties in teaching and learning it are removed by a new system of harmony proposed by Mr. Kollmann, in a treatise entitled, " A New Theory of Musical Harmony," published last summer. But as that work contains a complete doctrine of harmony, and consequently many explanations which concern a profound theorist more than those who study music only as a branch of polite education, we confined our former remarks only to the outlines of the said new system, and reserved a more particular description of it to the present opportunity, of announcing a more brief and familiar work by the same author, which was then in the press, and is now published, entitled, " A second practical Guide to Thorough-Bass " This work, being entirely calculated for the use of ladies and amateurs (that part of the public to which this Magazine is particularly addressed), we flatter ourselves that the following examination of it will not be found uninteresting to our readers.

In a well written Preface, Mr. K. shews the nature of his new system, and the particulars in which it deviates from all the former systems. This having been explained in our article before quoted, we need not repeat it here.

A concise list of contents then exhibits the whole work in an epitome, which we think very useful; for it shews not only where every particular doctrine may be found, but also enables a student to form a more distinct general idea of the whole, and of the connection between the different chapters than it is easy to form from the work at large, which is divided into ten chapters.

The first chapter contains introductory explanations of a Thorough-bass in general, of the musical scale, and of intervals with their proper classifications.

The second chapter then treats of the fundamental concord or common chord. It begins with an explanation of Mr. K.'s doctrine of chords, in general, and briefly states that all modern harmony is reducible to two fundamental chords, the concord and the discord. This having been allowed by a great number of other writers, but never been accomplished by any of them without hundreds of arbitrary laws, and an equally great number of rules for exceptions, it will be important to understand the simple and natural manner in which it can really be done, according to the work before us.

The first of those fundamental chords is that generally called the common chord. It consists of a bass, with its third and fifth; and consequently but of three essential notes or parts, as thus, C, E, G. The gravest of these notes is called the fundamental one, because it is the foundation to the others, or the generator of them, as has been proved in Mr. K.'s new theory.

From the said chord arise two others, by inverting its three notes, so that another note becomes the bass, and the fundamental one becomes an upper part, as thus, E, G, C, and G, C, E. The former is called a chord of the sixth, (or of the third and sixth,) and the latter a chord of the fourth and sixth. But our ear proves, that these chords are of the same consonant or satisfactory nature, as the fundamental chord from which they arise, only in a lesser degree, in a similar manner as they consist of the same notes, only in another order. This is shewn in the third chapter of the work.

But in regard to the second and third chapter in connection, it must still be observed, that the common chord and its inversions are allowed on every degree of the diatonic scale; and that this

produces what are called their natural species, viz. a perfect major common chord, as C, E, G; a perfect minor one, as A, C, E; and an imperfect minor (or diminished) one, as B, D, F, natural, with their inversions. And though the last species, or the imperfect common chord, is disputed by a certain author, Mr. Kollmann, has sufficiently established it in his new theory, as we shall be ready to shew on a future occasion, if required.

The fourth and fifth chapter then explains the second fundamental chord, being the fundamental discord, or chord of the seventh, and its three inversions, with their different natural species, in a similar manner as the fundamental concord and its inversions have been explained. And thus the doctrine of all the essential chords of modern harmony is completed.

The sixth chapter treats of accidental chords, comprehending that vast number of combinations, which other authors explain as chords by supposition, by addition, by substitution, by suspension, by anticipation, by transition, by licence, by exception, and so forth. All those chords Mr. Kollmann brings under the two very natural denominations of mere accidental fore-notes, and after-notes, in the essential chords, and explains them in so very clear and simple a manner, that any attentive person may in one lesson comprehend all that belongs to them; though a familiar acquaintance with them also requires a little practice, in a similar manner as it is with learning any simple part of an art or science.

Under the denomination of accidental chords, also appear the chromatic species of essential chords, which are shewn to be nothing more than sharp or flat extremities of the chords explained before; and that they make no other alteration in the natural progression of a chord, than that of filling up the progression of a whole tone, by the intermediate chromatic semi-tone, which may be taken either between the two essential notes, or instead of the first of them. The truth and natural simplicity of this doctrine becomes particularly striking in that equi-vocal combination called the chord of the diminished seventh, which consists of a minor third, minor fifth, and diminished seventh. For when the seventh of that chord is naturally minor, its bass may take the progressions of a perfect and of an interrupted cadence. And the same progressions it may take when the seventh is diminished a semi-tone, because that accidental semi-tone only anticipates part of the progression which its respective note must take when natural. From this simple explanation it follows, that the chord in question may take eight different fundamental progressions, as Mr. K. has shewn in his New Theory, page 55, but which has never been allowed before, by any other theorist.

The doctrine of chords being thus reduced to an astonishing simplicity, and yet explained completely in the strictest sense, it must still be added concerning the described six chapters of the work, that practices of every sort of chords are so judiciously intermixed with the explanations of them, as to render it almost impossible to remain unacquainted with the simple theory of them when they are practised, or with the practical use of every doctrine when examples are immediately annexed to them.

The four remaining chapters of the work shew the use of chords in what is called thorough-bass, as follows:

The seventh chapter treats of the signatures of chords, or how they can be most simply and distinctly expressed by figures and other characters over the bass. This is done, first, according to Mr. Kollmann's own system; and then rules are added, according to which the signatures of other authors may also be understood. The work therefore teaches thorough-bass, not merely according to the author's own system, like most or perhaps all the other treatises, but in such a manner that a person may not be deprived of the use of all those figured basses, which are expressed in another manner than he proposes.

In the eighth chapter the progression of chords is explained, which serves not only to elucidate more completely what has been taught towards the end of the preceding chapter, but also assists a person in figuring a bass, and in playing extempore preludes, or short fantasies of his own. This chapter therefore shows what may be called the rudiments of modulation, and is particularly remarkable for containing the author's more distinct and more rational explanation of a natural accompaniment of the bass scale, than is to be found in any former treatise on this subject.

In the ninth chapter other particulars are explained which ought to be attended to in thorough bass, viz. the number of parts required in every bar; how high and how low the chords may be laid; and how a recitative ought to be accompanied. The utility of this chapter also is evident.

The tenth chapter concludes the work with practices of the thorough-bass according to all preceding doctrines, and they are preceded by a page of introductory remarks and explanations. These practices consist in six thorough-bass lessons, each of two movements, in the form of short sonatas, being figured basses, with a solo part for a violin. In whatever point of view these lessons are to be taken, they are beautiful and do the same credit to their author as a practical harmonist and composer, which all his treatises do

him as a theorist. And also as exercises they are truly methodical and progressive; for they proceed through various sorts of movement and measure, and through a variety of keys and modes, in such a manner, that we may safely pronounce them the most excellent pieces of the kind ever produced.

After those lessons follow abstracts from figured basses by six celebrated authors, being Eman, Bach, Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, Rameau, and Tartini. They contain their original signatures over the bass, and some explanatory ones by Mr Kollmann under it, as examples how the different signatures of other authors must be understood according to chap vii. of the work.

Nothing, we presume, could therefore be more deserving our introducing to the public than the valuable work above described, and we make no doubt that it will soon be found in the hands of every person who studies music. For taking it in the aggregate, we find that the language of it is clear and comprehensive, and that the doctrines it contains are expressed and exemplified in the most brief, but perfectly complete and satisfactory manner.

OF MUSICAL BIRDS.

It is remarkable how deeply the harmony of the major common chord is impressed in nature; for all sonorous bodies that yield more than one note, give more or less of that chord, and even birds are found that sing it. One instance of the latter is given by Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, p. 3, in a note, where it appears that a West Indian bird, called by Nierenberg the Triton Avis (perhaps *Trias Avis*), not only has three distinct notes, but can even sound them at the same time. As this is added to an article of the major common chord, we suppose it to be that chord consisting of three notes, and not what is called the tritonus, or extreme sharp fourth, to which the name Triton-avis seems to allude.

To this a correspondent enables us to add, that a British bird, which he thinks is called the Green Woodpecker (*Picus viridis*), sings the following four distinct notes, E, G E C, D; being not only the said major chord, but even a melodious cadence from a key-note to its fifth. And the cuckoo is well known to sing a major-third as the principal part of that chord.

We make the above observations for the sake of those musical ladies and gentlemen who have frequent opportunities of hearing the natural songs of birds, as perhaps they may find more instances of their singing distinct regular notes.

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[*Continued from Page 35.*]

It is the opinion of the vulgar, that to be rich and liberal is the only requisite to become a good *Amphitryon*; but those who have weighed this matter, and reflected on the qualities that are indispensable to merit this title, in all its extent, are soon convinced that Heaven bestows this gift on very few persons, and that a good *Amphitryon* is almost as rare as a good roaster of meat.

It is certain, that with money, an excellent cook, an intelligent housekeeper, good tradesmen, a clever butler, and even a long study of the elements in which consists a good table, one may be an *Amphitryon* rather above mediocrity. *Non in solo pane vivit homo*; and the most elegant, the best chosen, and the best served dinner, may still prove a very insipid repast, if one has not the talent of well selecting one's guests, and particularly placing them conveniently at table.

A short time since I experienced a new instance of the truth of this remark. I was invited to dine with Mr. M——, a gentleman who enjoys the reputation of being a very good master of a house, and in many respects merits it.—We were about twenty-five in company, and the dinner would have served forty. It consisted of several courses of the choisest fish, poultry, game, meat dressed in various manners, almost every vegetable that money could procure, a profusion of excellent pastry, an elegant desert, and wines that would ravish the drunkard of his senses.—The dinner was placed on the table exact to a second, every thing was hot and comfortable, the guests were all people of wit and reputation, and yet I never made a more tedious or insipid dinner; the cause of which you will soon discover.

I have already said we were twenty-five in company; not one of the party were acquainted; this, to begin, does not inspire confidence; but as nothing is more fit to create it than the pleasures of the table, this would have proved but a slender inconvenience, if each had been placed as he ought.

The guests, though strangers to each other, were all intimately acquainted with the master of the house: it was his task then, to seat them properly at table; but, whether through carelessness, inattention, or ignorance, he did no such thing, but left it all to chance; you will see what was the result.

I believe I have already said, more than once, that we were twenty-five in company. Among these there were bankers, contractors, officers, authors, country divines, merchants, artists, magistrates, actors, poets, and amateurs. There were, most assuredly, enough to form a very pleasant society; all depended upon their being well placed, for it is well known that in so large a company, the conversation cannot be general.

One of the divines found himself seated between a poet and an actor; the contractor beside a judge; merchants were placed close to authors, artists near contractors, officers near bankers, &c. so that each having a neighbour that spoke quite a different language, was constrained to hold his tongue after having sounded the other. During the repast, nothing scarcely was heard but monosyllables, and the noise of plates and covers was almost the only conversation at this misplaced dinner.

The poet attempted to speak of his tragedy that had been damned to the divine, who entertained him with an account of his last sermon, and who comprehended nothing of what the actor had been saying on the intrigues of the stage. One of the authors had commenced a grammatical discussion with a merchant, who answered him by complaining of the stagnation in the sugar and coffee trade. The artist was describing to the contractor an historical picture which he had in contemplation, while he was regretting former times, and complaining bitterly against the probity of ministers, and the disinterestedness of their clerks, which scarcely allowed him to gain salt for his porridge, while formerly he could, with the greatest ease, fish in troubled waters. The warrior and the amateur were those who understood each other best, because the latter, having a smattering of all sciences, was not totally unacquainted with military tactics; but he was soon tired of listening to nothing but bastions, projectiles, and horn-works, and wished much that he had been seated next the artist.

Thus each being wrongly placed, lost all their merit, similar to as many noughts placed together instead of being preceded by figures.— All the guests rose from table disgusted with each other, and consequently with themselves, for we are more or less pleased with ourselves, according as our pride has been satisfied. I even observed, that this isolated situation, which ought to have been of service to the appetite, (for what can one do, in a repast where we cannot chat, unless one eat?) had in some degree paralyzed it; and to the great regret of the *Amphitryon*, much less was eaten than if the company had been well placed.

A few days after this feast, as is customary, I went to pay my visit of digestion. The conversation naturally fell upon the dinner Mr. M— had given us, and that gentleman complained of the almost universal silence which had reigned, and the reserve which each guest had maintained.

"This would not have happened, said I, if, according to a custom that I have seen practised with success, in some houses, and which I think ought to be adopted in most entertainments, you had distributed the seats analogous to the minds of those who were to occupy them. You should have placed the poet beside the actor, who would have pitied and consoled him for the ill success of his piece, and interested him by describing the interior of the theatre. The divine and the magistrate; both wise and grave men, would have been well coupled. The banker, the merchant, and the contractor, all three united by speaking nearly the same language, would have entertained each other by conversing about the affairs on 'Change, on commerce, and their respective gains and losses, and would have reciprocally enlightened each other. The amateur, the artist, and the officer, would have been delighted to have found themselves neighbours; the first would have served as an interpreter to the other two, and all three would have established, among themselves, a conversation equally instructive and agreeable, the author in taking a part in it, would enliven it by his witticisms and well placed quotations. By this means your dinner would have been as agreeable as it was well served; your guests satisfied with each other, would have been completely so with you, and their gratitude would have been shared between the excellent fare you had given them, and the care you had taken to place them suitably."

My *Amphitryon* felt the strength of these observations, thanked me, and promised to profit by them. In effect a few days after this, he gave a second dinner to the same company. The name of each guest, written on a pretty vignette, and hung to each plate, determined the order of seats, and this order, combined with my remarks, placed every body suitably. Each was enchanted with his neighbour; the conversation became animated, and consequently interesting, the appetite encreased, for nothing gives a better, or accelerates digestion sooner than a warm discussion, the exercise of speech being most salutary at table. The guests did ample justice to each dish, to the various wines, and mutually blessed the *Amphitryon*, who understood so well how to suit his company, and each promised never to refuse his invitations.

Thus by the means of an easy precaution, which prevents trouble and precludes ceremony, one may, even with an assemblage of persons

whose minds are of an ordinary class, form a very pleasant society. To accomplish this, nothing is wanting but that the *Amphitryon* be gifted with a clear discrimination, and that he possesses a perfect knowledge of the character and pursuits of his guests. This plan followed, let the company be ever so numerous it never degenerates into a bustle, no one finds the time long, because the self-love of each is gratified: to the delight of great talkers and epicures the feast is prolonged without causing *ennui* to any one; it is then that that French proverb, so dear to those who are lovers of the table, is verified, which says, "*qu'on ne vicillit point a table.*" I again repeat, all depends upon the guests being suitably placed, and the plan I have described cannot fail to meet with the approbation of every one; and for this you have only to weigh well the self-love of each, and place them so that they may be able to enjoy their own, and gratify that of their neighbours.

E. R.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1714. *

DEAR, damn'd disgusting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teize:
This year, in peace ye critics, dwell,
And Chloe sleep at ease!

Soft B——, and rough C——'s adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H———k, and you,
May knock up girls alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allowed;
Till the third watchman toll,
Let Jerva se gratis paint, and Frowd,
Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery,
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage,
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead,
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse, of all he fed,
Has had the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd;
Poor Y——'rs sold for fifty pound,
And B——ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great?
When I no favour seek;
Or follow girls seven hours in eight,
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others' ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Laborious, lobster nights, farewell!
For sober, studious days:
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For sallad, tarts and peas.

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

* This original Poem by Pope, is not included in any of the common editions of his works. We preserve it as a curiosity; and, though it be a mere bagatelle, written in a spirit altogether different from the rest of this poet's works, yet it contains many picturesque passages. The sixth stanza is extremely lively, and the tenth, in which the poet has painted his own miniature, is a most exquisite likeness.

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

AH! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy season, fly—
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring—the young cherubim of love,
An exile in disgrace—
Flits o'er the scene like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds—and dark and bleak,
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair,
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her weeping thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She woos her embryo-flowers, in vain,
To rear their infant heads;
Deaf to her voice her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats
To charm thy rage away.

Ah! why, usurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to Spring?

WINTER'S REPLY

TO SPRING'S REMONSTRANCE.

Prithee have patience, gentle Spring!
Let me reign out my day—
To thee 'twould no advantage bring,
Should I now yield my sway.

Though rough my manners, to the Fair
No enemy am I:
My toils their ornaments prepare,
Their nourishment supply.

My blast, though terrible it seem,
Gives vigour to the bow'r;
My snow supplies the exhausted stream,
Preserves the sleeping flower.

Bright Health admits my useful claim,
And Exercise and Sport,
To brace the summer-slacken'd frame,
My cold assistance court.

Comus, Apollo, and the Nine,
Are my perpetual debtors;
For under my dark influence shine,
Mirth, Music, and *Belles Lettres.*

The feather'd choir may think it hard
That I should check their song;
But who the warblers would regard
That pip'd the whole year long?

Then, pray take patience, gentle Spring!
And bear with my delay;
On thee, perhaps, 'twould sorrow bring,
Should I curtail my sway.

SONG OF A SWISS TO HIS MISTRESS,

ON HER APPEARING IN ARMOUR.*

Translated from the German of Gessner, by F. Shorberl.

Heavens, is it—is it thou, my love?—
What strikes my dazzled sight?—
How brightly from thy polish'd helm
Flash gleams of trembling light!

And how the white and crimson plumes
Stream in the rustling wind;
Thy auburn tresses mingling too,
Float carelessly behind.

But now thy heaving bosom's charms
The envious armour steals,
And all that lovely, graceful form
The circling mail conceals.

But no! I see that handsome foot,
That well-turn'd knee I spy,
Which else the robe's depending folds
Veil from my curious eye.

Thus beaming in refulgent steel,
In beauty's bloom elate,
Thou'rt like th' empyreal guard of old,
Who watch'd at Eden's gate.

O may the haughty foe's keen shafts
Hiss harmless o'er thy head,
And none e'er wound thy tender breast
But those by Cupid sped!

* When the Emperor Albert besieged Zurich, the females of that town put on armour, and appeared completely accoutred among the ranks of their husbands and fathers. The Emperor, deterred by the appearance of such a numerous force, withdrew from before the place.

A RECEIPT FOR A LOVE EPISTLE,

TO A MODERN BELLE.

Take of sighs and of tears a prodigious large number,
Of days without joy, and of nights without slumber;
Of raptures, and dreams, and fantastical blisses,
Of heart-burning glances, and soul-thrilling kisses.

Talk of love everlasting, and pure adoration,
Say for her you would die without hesitation;
Add, that Mahomet's houreis are lost in her charms,
And that more than his paradise dwells in her arms.

Conjure up from Don Quixotte some high-flying story,
How that love is the rampart of fame and of glory;
That the Don his Toboso, and Sancho his isle,
Wou'd have eagerly barter'd to purchase one smile.

If she be not contented with chivalric ages,
You may go a few centuries back to the sages;
And, with old heathen poets, protest, that had Jove
Beheld but her face—he had melted with love.

Then tell her that nothing but love is your food,
And with darts, Cupids, flames, in great plenty conclude;
And if this she receive, I will dare lay my life,
In a fortnight you gain her for mistress or wife.

THE MAID OF CORINTH.*

By the pale lamp's reflected light
I saw thy shadow on the wall,
Oh what a pleasing, rapt'rous sight,
My friend, my lover, and my all.

To cheer my solitary hours,
Thy honour'd shade I often view;
Oh, Palemon! with all my powers,
I'll trace thy image fair and true.

But, ah! the fond resemblance flies;
Yet thy dear form shall still remain;
The Gods shall hear a maiden's cries,
And Art shall cure me of my pain.

With magic pencil I will trace,
Thy features so divinely fair;
No power on earth shall e'er efface,
Though time the colours may impair.

But how imperfect is the sketch,
A faithful lover now has given;
Could I a true resemblance fetch,
From Gods above in highest heaven.

* The Maid of Corinth was the origin of the art of painting; whilst she was confined in prison she gave birth to the art of delineation, in amusing herself by sketching on the wall of her cell the shadow of her passing lover.

TO HONOUR.

BY N. HOWARD.

Stern power! in realms of darkness nurst
'Midst shrieks of guilt, and moans accurst,
Where grins Despair in writhing pain,
And rapturous madness clanks his chain,—
Thee, I invoke—Gay bow'rs adieu!
Where Pleasure leads her bounding crew,
Blithe Health, and frolic Youth that roves
Thro' gardens and ambrosial groves,
Brisk Mirth, whose bright expanding bloom
Ne'er felt the damp of Sorrow's gloom,
Adieu! the surly evening sheds
Deep shadows o'er the mountain's heads;
Low groan the refted woodlands bleak,
The spirits of the whirlwind shriek!
Horror! with strange delightful fear,
Lead my fit soul to deserts drear;
To vast Savannas full of dread,
Where human footsteps never tread,
Or where vex'd Midnight never sleeps
'Mid cataracts hoarse and howling steeps!
Or where the hoary Andes shroud
Their stormy cliffs in many a cloud.
Which Danger, heedless of alarms,
Upclimbs with lightning-blasted arms!
To glimmering dungeons let me stray
Where the lone Captive pines away;
Where no warm sun, no summer gale
Sheds freshness on his visage pale:
There see him raise his wither'd head,
Deep groaning o'er his flinty bed,
Whilst ever-hopeless Silence low'rs,
And slow—slow lag the gloomy hours.
Wild sullen Horror! thou canst tell
What pangs the Mother's bosom swell,
When bare on distant rocks outcast
Her child's corse blisters to the blast!
Wild sullen Horror! thou hast sought
Black groves with dark collected thought,
Where erst hoar Druids met thy view,
And human victims grimly slew!
Thou heard'st their death-denouncing cries,
They bled beneath thy savage eyes.
Oh! by me oft, at gloom of night,
Where hags perform their direful rite;
And wrapt in terrors, flash on high
Their livid light'ning thwart the sky;
Or on some victim's hated form
Dart the full fury of their storm!
For lightnings shoot, and thunders roll,
Dear, and congenial to my soul!

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE.

As blooming Harriet mov'd along,
The fairest of the beauteous throng,
The beaux gaz'd on with admiration,
Avow'd by many an exclamation.
What form! what *naivete!* what grace!
What roses deck that Grecian face!
" Nay," Dashwood cries, " that bloom's not Harriet's,
" 'Twas bought at Reynolds', Moore's, or Marriot's;
" And though you vow her face untainted,
" I swear, by G—d, your beauty's painted."
A wager instantly was laid,
And Ranger sought the lovely maid;
The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
Nor e'en the impious oath conceal'd.
Confus'd—her cheek bore witness true,
By turns the roses came and flew.
" Your bet," she said, " is rudely odd—
" But I am painted, Sir—*by God.*"

LINES,

BY THE REV. GEORGE RICHARDS.

Ah! dearest Muse, whose carol gay
Hath brighten'd ev'n my summer's way;
No more we roam through Nuneham's Wood,
Nor sing by Isis' classic flood;
Those scenes where passed our happier hours,
Those lovely scenes no more are ours.

The wintery storms must roll away,
And summer suns illume the day,
E'er again, delightful power,
By Whitehead's Oak, or Mason's Bow'r,
We bid the song in rapture rise
To Harcourt's flowery Paradise.

Yes, sweetest Maid, again thy shell
Shall sound along each vocal dell;
Again from yonder elmy brow
Shall thy sprightly measures flow;
And, reclin'd by Isis' stream,
Thy poet wait the inspiring dream.

Now far we go—yet wake the wire
To strains which Gratitude inspire,
For social hours by Fancy cheer'd,
For joys by Friendship's smile endear'd.
E'er fade the disappearing view,
Ah turn, and breathe a warm adieu.

LOVE'S LEARNING.

Tho' never taught to measure space,
Nor vers'd in geometric lore,
The line of beauty I can trace,
And Chloe's finished form adore.

I cannot tell a linguist sage,
And skill'd in critic ken profound,
The purport of each puzzling page,
Nor every tangled text expound;

But I can read, and run the while,
The lucid language of an eye,
The mystic meaning of a smile,
The soft confession of a sigh.

I cannot give each light a name,
Which gems th' expanse of ether blue,
Nor sing the physic and the fame,
Of every herb which sips the dew;

But I of all the charms can speak,
Which round my Chloe's image fly,
Bloom in the blossom of her cheek,
Laugh in the lustre of her eye.

No Rhetorician's robe I wear,
But can teach many a honey'd wile;
The soft persuasion of a tear,
The ruby rhetoric of a smile.

My want of wit, who shall despise?
Since Love has made the world his throne;
Laws, arts, has he, and politics,
And a whole science of his own.

VERSES

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN. BY THE REV. J. WESLEY.

As o'er fair Chloe's rosy cheek
Careless a vagrant past;
With artful hand around his waist,
A slender chain the virgin cast.

As Juno near her throne above
Her spangled birds delight to see;
As Venus has her fav'rite dove,
Chloe shall have her favourite flea.

Pleas'd with his chains, with nimble steps
He o'er her snowy bosom stray'd;
Now on her panting breast he leaps,
Now hides between, his little head.

Leaving at length his old abode,
He found, by thirst or fortune led,
Her swelling lips, that brighter glow'd
Than roses in the native bed.

Chloe, your artful bands undo,
Nor for your captive's safety fear;
No artful bands are needful now,
To keep the willing vagrant here.

While on that heaven 'tis given to stay,
(Who would not wish to be so blest?)
No force can drive him once away,
Till death shall seize his destin'd breast

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR MARCH, 1807.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

SINCE our last, Government have published official dispatches from the Russian General, commanding the armies in Poland, by which we are made acquainted with a variety of trivial successes obtained by our Northern Ally over the armies of Napoleon.—This intelligence, as was natural, has inspired the most pleasing sensations, and awakened hopes, perhaps somewhat exaggerated, of a series of better fortune for Europe. The French papers which have come to hand, deny, in a manner at once unequivocal and contemptuous, the reported successes of the Russians; accuse General Bennigsen, and the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh, and impute to them a shallow design to impose upon the people. In a word, they claim the victory for themselves.

Whatever may be the general opinion as to the result of the late battles, whether it shall assign the victory to the Russians, or entertain a doubt whether there has been any victory at all, one thing is at least certain—the Russians have withstood the French, and are fully equal to a Defensive war. In the present situation of circumstances, this is every thing. Indeed, nothing has of late so much excited our surprise, as the manner in which the late Russian accounts have too generally been considered. If we were to argue from our first impressions, we should fall into the unpleasing conclusion, that a very great proportion of our countrymen received little satisfaction from the success of the Allies. This, however, is not the fact: it arises from a cause, which effectually, perhaps, is worse.

It has been one of the most fatal characteristics of the war, that our very best judgment, as well as our courage, has become daunted before the success of the enemy;—he has defeated our reason, and obtained as complete a conquest over our understanding as over our armies: hence the unwillingness to indulge any belief, that his hitherto precipitate career has been stopped; hence the ready credit of every reported defeat of the Allies; hence that preverse doubt of the most official accounts which contain statements of a contrary nature.

From an unhappy state of things, the common enemy has been hitherto successful: Fortune has spun for him with more than her usual constancy, and his thread of success has thus been long and unbroken, not only beyond the ordinary frailty of its materials, but beyond the ordinary course of nature. Europe has thus deemed him invincible, whom she has never yet seen to be conquered; and, as if she were fighting with an invulnerable being, contents herself with defensive attitudes, satisfied if she can fence off the blow that is aimed at herself, but too diffident of her own powers to endeavour to strike in her turn. We appeal to the judgment of the thinking part of our readers—has not this unjust diffidence of ourselves, and unwarrantable respect for our enemy, been the cause of half the mischief and ruin which we see around us? He is invincible rather because we believe him to be so, than from any thing in his own internal strength. He is a God only as long as we shall worship him; let us venture to look him in the face, and give him a kick instead of a prayer, and we shall find him tumble from his altar, and become as one of ourselves. But, to say the truth, this is not the first time that Fortune has sported with the folly of mankind, nor will it be the last. Let her raise her golden calf in the clouds; let it glitter from afar, and be enough removed from our sight not to be seen in its distinctive features; and whilst the world is constituted as it is, it will never want adorers.

The domestic intelligence of the month is not without its importance.—The present Administration are dismissed from power,—the following is the list of their successors:—

The Duke of Portland, First Lord of the Treasury.

The Right Hon. Spencer Percival, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Eldon, Lord Chancellor.

Marquis Wellesley, Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

Lord Hawksbury, for the Home Department.

Lord Castlereagh, for the War and Colonies.

Mr. Canning, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Duke of York, Commander in Chief.

Mr. Geo. Rose, Treasurer of the Navy.

Earl of Chatham, Master-General of the Ordnance and Constable of the Tower.

Earl of Westmoreland President of the Council.

The Hon. Robert Dundas, President of the Board of Controul.

Sir Vickery Gibbs, Attorney-General.

Sir Home Popham has been tried by a Court Martial; found guilty of the charges alledged against him, and sentenced to be severely reprimanded. It is but just to say that the public sentiment is of another complexion.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A new Play, "*The Curfew*," has been produced at this Theatre, of which the following are the characters:

NORMANS.

Hugh de Tracy......	Mr. Barrymore.
Robert	Mr. Bannister.
Bertrand	Mr. H. Siddons.
Walter	Mr. Penley.
Philip	Mr Eyre.
Matilda	Mrs. Powell.
Florence	Miss Duncan.

DANES.

Fitzharding	Mr. Elliston.
Armstrong	Mr. Palmer.
Conrad	Mr. Matthews.
Herman	Mr. Carles.

With a Glee and Chorus of Banditti.
Music by Attwood.

The Fable is as follows:—*Fitzharding* (who it should seem from his sentiments and feelings, though the fact is now here sufficiently explained, was a Dane of some rank and family), in an hour of youthful vagrancy and dissipation, had entered as a common soldier, into the army, under the command of the Norman Baron *Hugh de Tracy*; and having been guilty of some irregularities, was, by that inflexible commander, publicly degraded, scourged, and branded on the arm, in the market-place, amidst the shouts and insults of the rude populace. This, as was natural enough to a high-minded individual, was an indignity never to be forgiven, and the thoughts of revenge for ever rankled in his heart. It will not, perhaps, be thought quite so natural that he should have dissembled his feelings; have pretended to have forgiven; have become the intimate friend of the injurer; "have had access to him in his sleep, and not stabbed him; drank wine with him, and mixed no poison in the cup; marched side by side with him, along precipices that overhung the sea, and not plunged him in," &c. while all the time he was, nevertheless, meditating some terrible vengeance; perfectly careless as to consequences to himself. *De Tracy* having married the chaste and beautiful *Matilda*, this Danish *Zanga* writes to him two anonymous letters, the first rousing his jealousy in terms of general precaution; the second informing him, that, if he goes to his chamber, at a particular hour, he will find his wife in the embraces of his rival. The *Baron* attends to the suggestion; actually finds a man in his chamber; stabs his wife, and, in the mean time, suffers the supposed gallant (who, it seems, was no other than *Fitzharding* himself) to escape unrecognised. He pursues him, however, but in vain: and, upon his return, finds that his wounded wife had escaped with their only son; and the knowledge of this fact is succeeded, in his mind, by a conclusion (we forget how adduced) that wife and child had both perished at sea. To complete his affliction, he receives another anonymous letter, from his mysterious correspondent, informing him, that his wife is innocent; but that the revenge of the writer (whoever he may be) is yet but imperfectly satisfied.

All this is supposed to have happened in Normandy, and before the invasion, which brought *De Tracy* among the followers of William into England; where we find him, on the rising of the curtain, a great and powerful Baron, in a most magnificent and extensive castle, racked with remorse, for the consequences of his jealousy and delusion: to the lovely victim of which he has erected, in the northern and unoccupied extremity of this castle, a splendid monument.

But another event had taken place, prior to the opening of the Drama; which has, also, its importance in the fable. In the battle of Hastings, *De Tracy* had been beaten down by the Saxons, and was on the point of being inevitably slain, if he had not been rescued by the timely valour of his vassal *Bertrand*. In a transient enthusiasm of gratitude, the haughty *Baron* had in a manner adopted his deliverer, into his family; rather as an equal, than a retainer; and had introduced him to his daughter, *Florence*; whose gratitude does not prove to be quite of so transient a nature.

The stolen interviews of these lovers, in the northern tower (after the *Baron* had retracted his kindness) occasion the first intimation of the institution that gives name to the Play: *Walter*, the beadle, or constable, of the village coming to complain to the *Baron* of the violation of the law, by lights and voices having been seen and heard, in that part of the castle, after curfew time.

The humour of *Walter* is not very original; but the incident awakens some curiosity and interest, at the outset of the piece; and impresses the mind with an idea of natural connection (which is afterwards exceedingly well kept up), between the business of the scene and the title:

which is certainly exceedingly well chosen; interesting in itself, and well applied.

The *Baron* taxes *Florence* upon the subject, who acknowledges her interviews with *Bertrand*; and, notwithstanding the threatened maledictions of her father, agrees, in the very next scene, to disguise herself in boy's apparel, and elope to her lover. Elopements in those days, however, were rather more formidable adventures than at present; and the author has thought fit to increase the authentic perils of such an undertaking, by the creation of a subterraneous nation of Danes, who inhabit the Andalusian caverns in the neighbourhood of *De Tracy's* castle.

At the head of this banditti, we find *Fitzharding*; who, in a dialogue with *Armstrong*, who had saved his life in a perilous adventure, makes us acquainted with the circumstance of the brand of infamy upon his arm, and the untameableness of that soul-racking indignation which he cherishes on that account.

During this scene, they encounter *Dunstan*, a famous Monk, who had been sent for by *De Tracy* from a neighbouring Monastery to receive his confession and soothe his troubled conscience.

In the mean time, *Florence* falls into the hand of another party of these Danes; and just at the instant that *Bertrand* is rushing on to her rescue the vassals of the *Baron* overtake and seize him, and, in spite of his remonstrances, drag him back to the castle, and suffer the disguised *Florence* to be borne away to the caverns of the banditti. Here, in the midst of their riotous conviviality, the seeming boy overhears the details of the planned attack of her father's castle, and the meditated murder of all her family; but her attentive listening (and, by the way, the acting of Miss Duncan was that of listening curiosity merely, without the single trait of the caution which the situation demanded), was likely to have cost her dear; for the curiosity of their prisoner alarming the fears of the robbers, they determine that he shall be murdered, as their only means of security; and *Robert*, being the youngest member of their fraternity, is therefore left behind them to be the executioner.

With this *Robert* we had been made acquainted in a former scene, by his rushing into the miserable cottage of his mother (the disguised *Matilda*!) with a purse, apparently the first fruits of a profession to which he seems to have been driven by the apprehension of seeing that mother perish with want. Inconsistently, we think, with every other trait of the character, *Robert* seriously meditates the execution of this horrid office; and a struggle of contending emotions ensues, which those who know the real forte of Bannister (that of low tragedy, or the pathos of humble life) will readily believe to have been finely sustained. At length, however, his resolution is taken; and his uplifted arm is only staid by *Florence*, as a last resource, proclaiming that she is "a woman." *Robert*, of course, throws away his dagger, and offers to conduct her to a place of safety; but *Herman*, one of the banditti, who doubting his firmness, had concealed himself to watch the event, rushes forth, and a contest ensues, in which *Herman* is driven off the stage and slain.

Robert now conducts *Florence* to the cottage of his mother, and then returns to his Danish comrades, having first thrown an arrow over the battlements of the castle, to inform *De Tracy* of the meditated assault.

Fitzharding's disguise fully answers his expectations. The supposed Monk, hears in confession what he already knew of the causes of *De Tracy's* remorse, and appoints the hour of curfew time and the tomb of *Matilda*, in the uninhabited northern tower, for the purposed expiation.

Florence being introduced in this scene, the seeming boy reveals, with some obscurity, what he has heard in the cavern, and recognizes the pretended Minstrels, who are stripped of their disguises and conveyed to a dungeon. But the supposed Monk gets them assigned over to his care, under pretence of influencing them to confession, and contrives to set them at liberty.

The eventful hour arrives. *Fitzharding* accompanies *De Tracy* in darkness to the northern tower and monument of *Matilda*;—reveals himself—proclaims his determination of revenge—is unmoved by the abject entreaties of the *Baron*—when suddenly the stage lamps are drawn up, and, in a blaze of sudden and incomprehensible light, the poor *Matilda*, whose son had turned robber to rescue her from the utmost misery of want rushes from behind the monument in a pomp and magnificence of apparel that dazzles every beholder. But *Fitzharding*, recovering from his affright and horror, rushes again to his purpose;—when suddenly the vassals of *De Tracy* previously prepared and arranged by the female whom they had apprehended for witchcraft, rush in and take him prisoner. The Danes now attack the castle, and *Tracy* and *Robert* meet in the conflict, but are parted by *Matilda*, who reveals all that was necessary for the catastrophe. *De Tracy* is happy in the restoration of his lost family; and the hand of *Florence* is bestowed at last upon *Bertrand*.

Such is the detailed outline of this Play; in which it will be obvious, that mingled with some excellencies and several beauties, there are many striking defects and incongruities. It has been received with considerable applause, and had its run.

COVENT-GARDEN

On Tuesday, March the 10th, was presented a new Comedy of Mr. Morton's, entitled *Town and Country*.

The following is a sketch of the fable:

Plastic, a dissipated young man of fashion, and *Cosey*, a stock-broker, accidentally meet at the house of Mr. *Trot*, a wealthy cotton manufacturer, father-in-law to the former. During their stay at that gentleman's country-house, *Plastic* learns that *Cosey* is on his road to Wales, to visit his ward Miss *Rosalie Somers*, whom he has placed at the house of the Rev. *Owen Glenroy*. The two families of *Somers* and *Plastic* are at enmity, on account of a former election contest. *Plastic*, from motives of revenge, forms a base design of attempting to seduce Miss *Somers*, (whom he had formerly seen), but not knowing her place of residence, in hopes to discover it, tells *Cosey* he is going the same road, and requests to join his company; failing in this, he follows him. *Cosey*, after much personal danger, from which he is rescued by the intrepidity of a stranger, reaches Wales, and recognizes his preserver in the person of *Reuben Glenroy*, whose attachment to his ward he discovers. *Reuben*, called upon by the voice of distress, during a severe storm of snow, rushes out, and in a short time returns supporting *Plastic*, apparently lifeless, who, when recovered and finding himself in the same house with Miss *Somers*, to further his designs, assumes the name of *Maitland*.—Unlooked for circumstances aid his wishes, and he not only contrives to carry away *Rosalie Somers* from the protection of her friends, but also to make it appear that she consented to an elopement with him, and succeeds in bringing her to town. *Reuben*, after having passed the night on the mountains, succouring the distressed travellers, returns, and hearing that *Rosalie* had eloped with the man he preserved, sinks into apathy, from which he is roused by the intelligence that his brother *Augustus*, by habits of fashionable extravagance, is on the brink of ruin. Hoping to save him from the vortex of dissipation into which he is plunged, he consents to accompany *Cosey* to London.

Rosalie, notwithstanding all *Plastic*'s caution, eludes his vigilance, and accidentally meeting with *Trot*, is by him placed under the protection of the Hon. Mrs. *Glenroy*. *Cosey* and *Reuben* arrived in town; the former furnishes the latter with the means of relieving his brother's necessities. *Reuben* loses no time in waiting at his house, meets with Mrs. *Glenroy*, makes himself known, and acquaints her with the purport of his visit; prevails upon her not to go out that evening, and promises to bring her husband home. *Reuben* then goes to a Subscription-house for play, where he knows his brother was to pass the evening; and while waiting in an anti-chamber, *Augustus* rushes from the gaming table, ruminating on his distresses, and goaded by despair, is on the point of committing suicide, when *Reuben* arrests his arm, and prevails upon him to go home to his family, having first learnt from him that he has pledged his commission for a gaming debt to *Plastic*.—*Reuben*'s next interview is with *Plastic*; he redeems his brother's commission, and *Plastic* wishing to know to whom he is so much indebted, listens to *Reuben*'s story, and finds he is known; but *Reuben*'s still thinking that *Rosalie* has voluntarily left her friends, and that her affections are placed upon *Plastic*, and having promised that his life should be devoted to her happiness, prevails upon him to sign a written promise of marriage with the Lady. *Reuben*, in company with *Cosey*, meets *Plastic*, according to appointment, at the house of Mrs. *Glenroy*. *Rosalie* being introduced, an eclaircissement takes place, which exposes the ingratitude of *Plastic*, and the young Lady bestows her hand and fortune on *Reuben Glenroy*.

This Comedy is not in the happiest style of Mr. Morton. It is divided, too manifestly, into what may be called Tragic-Comedy and Farce, and perpetually shuffles between a laugh and a cry. This alternation of the 'tear and the smile,' if skillfully managed, is not unpleasing; but when the author professes it to be the object of his Comedy, and puts on his slipper in one scene, and his buskin in the next, it becomes too artificial and contradictory to please.

This Comedy has many other defects.—It wants a fable; by which we do not mean to say that the piece stands still, and is made up of mere scenes of conversations, but that the incidents, with which it is crowded, are not gracefully or judiciously sorted together, nor allotted into that order and place which is necessary to the character of a Fable. The Play does not want bustle, change of incident, or variety of character. In truth, it is perpetually on the move;—but it is not the progress of a Fable; the regular stages of a well invented and combined story.

The characters have not much novelty—they are what we may truly call the academic models; the old lay figures of the stage. In the serious parts of the Comedy, there was occasionally some good writing, though it smacked strongly of a German palate. The lighter scenes, in the sense in which Mr. O'Keefe and Mr. Colman understand these things, were full of *fun*. The Epilogue contained a despicable and canting compliment to the Patriotic Fund, which was deservedly hissed.